

The BUFFALO BILL STORIES

Devoted To Far West Life



**BUFFALO BILL
AND THE APACHE KID**

**OR PAWNEE BILL'S
WINNING HAND**

By THE AUTHOR
OF "BUFFALO BILL"



STREET & SMITH,
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK.

As the torch flared through the air the suspected bush shot forth a yelling redskin.

THE BUFFALO BILL



A WEEKLY PUBLICATION **STORIES** DEVOTED TO BORDER LIFE

*Issued Weekly. Entered as Second-class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office, by STREET & SMITH, 79-89 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
Copyright, 1911, by STREET & SMITH. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.*

TERMS TO BUFFALO BILL STORIES MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

(Postage Free.)

Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

3 months	65c.	One year	\$2.50
4 months	85c.	2 copies one year	4.00
6 months	\$1.25	1 copy two years	4.00

How to Send Money—By post-office or express money order, registered letter, bank check or draft, at our risk. At your own risk if sent by currency, coin, or postage stamps in ordinary letter.

Receipts—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

No. 514.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1911.

Price Five Cents.

Buffalo Bill and the Apache Kid;

OR,

PAWNEE BILL'S WINNING HAND.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

STUTTERING TOM.

Old Nomad was camped in an easy-chair on the piazza when Stuttering Tom came up the steps of the Escondo Hotel, at Teton Peaks.

"Been robbin' a pawnshop, Tut-Tommy?" the trapper demanded, as he smilingly eyed the wrinkled black clothing in which that erstwhile tattered individual had arrayed himself.

Stuttering Tom flung a glance at the men lolling at the farther end of the piazza.

"Bub-Bub-Bub-Bub——"

Nomad laughed.

"I heerd a steam kittle torkin' ter etself onct like thet, but I couldn't understand et."

Stuttering Tom whistled, snapped his fingers, and tried again:

"Bub-Bub-Bub-Buffalo Bub-Bill in there?"

"Waal, thet's better. Ther steam kittle blowed ets lid off, an' I plumb thought you war goin' ter go an' do like-wise. Yas, Tut-Tommy, Buffler is inside, mixin' friendship tork. Pawnee is with him, an' ther baron an' Little

Cayuse. Layin' round hyar doin' nothin', we're all gittin' so lazy an' ornery thet et is strikin' in. Ther baron is drinkin' beer an' gittin' hogfat; Little Cayuse is fergittin' ter braid his ha'r an' w'ar his eagle feather; an's fer Buffler an' Pawnee, they're tellin' yarns o' their boyhood days, which is a shore sign of old age and failin' stren'th. Sence we hed thet rookus wi' ther Apache Kid a week er so ago, life has been hyarabouts too blame dull ter think erbout. Ef et keeps on, I'm goin' ter ketch a rattle-snake an' let et bite me, jest fer the sake of enj'yin' a bit o' excitement."

"There ain't bub-been nun-nothin' heard of the Apache Kuk-Kid, I reckon?" asked the stutterer.

"Not a word, sence ther time he slipped through our net out in ther hills an' scooted into ther unknown. But ef he stays quiet long, I'll know thet he is dead. Other-wise he couldn't."

When Stuttering Tom turned and went on into the hotel the old borderman arose from his chair and followed.

"Settin' round a hotel an' doin' nothin' but feed my face makes me so rusty in my j'int's thet I cain't walk

hardly," he grumbled. "Ef ther Apache Kid don't break loose erg'in, er suthin' stirrin' don't happen, ther ole man is plumb goin' ter enter inter a prematoor decline; he is so. Stagnation like this is——"

He drew up before the door of the room occupied at the moment by Buffalo Bill and his friends.

"Come in, Nomad," Buffalo Bill called. "Tom tells us that he is going into the hills."

"And we," said Pawnee, "are telling him to keep out of them. We scotched that Apache snake, you know, but we didn't kill him."

"It is my advices," said the baron, "dot our friendt here keeps away from dose hills in yedt. I am'sbeaking vrom inexperience. Yaw."

From his long-stemmed pipe the baron blew a ring of smoke at the ceiling.

"Vhen he captured me dot time, unt susbended me by der rope der cañon in, oof idt vos nodt peen vor you, mein friendt, I vouldt haf peen dhere yedt already, meppeso. Der Abache Kid iss a tuyfel. So-o, petter you look a liddle oudt, unt stday by der hodel here."

Stuttering Tom bunked down in one of the chairs.

"Th-that's all r-r-right," he said. "I know he is as bub-bad as they mum-mum-make 'em; but you s-s-s-s——"

"Push ther lever, an 'stop the steam ingine, somebody," said Nomad; "cain't ye see thet the connection wi' ther steam box is broke?"

"You s-s-s-s——"

"Whistle, Tut-Tommy, an' start over again."

Stuttering Tom whistled.

"You s-s-see, I've got s-s-some things out th-there that I'm bound to have. We cuc-come away s-so quick, after we jumped the Kuk-Kid that tut-time, that I wasn't able to gug-git 'em. And nun-nun-nun——"

"Ketch yer breath, an' go at et new," Nomad urged, wrinkling his homely face in a grin.

"Well, th-at's all."

"Good thing et is, fer when ye git ter goin' yer plumb runs away wi' yerself. 'Member thet time, out in thet cave in ther hills, when ye tried ter say 'Snake,' an' nigh about hissed yer head off? Ef I had a impediment like thet I'd hire a doctor."

"I think the Kuk-Kid was s-s-scared out of the cuc-country that tut-time," averred the stutterer. "We kuk-killed three of his mum-mem, ye know, and fuf-frightened the r-r-r-rest into a flutter. He's gug-gone s-s-south, toward the lul-line, is my gug-guess about it. S-s-so I think it will be safe enough."

Pawnee Bill's eyes wandered inquiringly over the black clothing.

"Nomad th-thought I r-r-robbed a pup-pup-pup-pup-pup——"

"Wow! What would ye want ter rob a pup fer?" Nomad exploded.

"Thought I r-robbed a pup-pawnshop; but I didn't. An' I dud-didn't rob a clothesline. B-but I c-c-couldn't wear the rags I bub-brought out of the hills with me, s-so I s-s-sold one of my r-revolvers, and bub-blew myself for these. How d'ye lul-like 'em?"

"They looks like they had been stutterin', too."

"I'm goin' t-to try to live a s-s-straight life hereafter. The pup-pup-pup——"

"Choke ther pup!"

"The pup-people are tut-treatin' me all right, sence they don't believe any lul-longer that I am a mum-murderer what ought to be hung; and if I tut-try to be a decent mum-man I've got to have dud-decent clothes to w-wear. I've bub-borrowed a horse frum the s-s-stable, and I'll ride that. I'll bub-be back to-morrow."

"Ef ther Kid don't git ye."

"I th-think it's a s-s-safe resk, er I wouldn't tut-try it. Bub-but I thought I'd run in and tell you."

"So that we could start a rescue party out on your trail, eh?" said Pawnee, joking.

"I know you woudl come, all right," said the stutterer; "but I know, tut-too, that you ain't gug-going to need to."

He arose from his chair, and began to shake hands all round.

"Well, good-by, Cody, Pawnee, everybody. You gave me a chance, when I dud-don't think any other white men livin' would have done it; and you're going to s-see me make good. As for Nomad," he gripped the borderman's horny palm, "he's jest an old bear, an' I never mum-mind anything he says. Ye see, he's got a heart in him bigger'n a buffalo's; an' he knows that I know it, in s-s-s-s-s——"

"Great s-s-snakes, git through with et; ye're squeezin' my hand off!"

"In s-s-s-spote of what he says."

He wrung the hand so hard that tears came into Nomad's eyes.

"After thet," said the borderman, looking at his crushed fingers, "I hope ther Apache Kid gits ye; et will sarve ye right."

Stuttering Tom went on round, and took the hand of the Piute.

"You're a credit to yer race," he said. "I mean it."

"Tom heap big chief," returned the Piute gravely.

"Amigo mio," Nomad called, as Stuttering Tom turned toward the door, "so long as ye're p'intin' yer nose toward danger, I fergive ye. Adios."

"Adios," the stutterer flung back at the group, and disappeared.

They watched him from the window, when he got his horse and rode away. He had many good qualities, and was heroically brave, and they had learned to like him.

He was making a fight for a new name at Teton Peaks. Little more than a week before he had been called the Outlaw of the Hills. Having slain a man in a quarrel, the friends of the man had tried to lynch him. Escaping, he had made the hills his refuge, and had remained there for months, in terror of his life.

Then the Apache Kid, burning for revenge, had descended on the settlement, and carried away Gabe Wharton's boy. Pursued into the hills by Buffalo Bill's party, the latter had encountered Stuttering Tom, after he had saved the life of the baron, whom the Kid had slung at the end of a rope in a cañon and left to die.

Then the stutterer had joined the scout's party, in its continued pursuit of the fiendish Apache, and in assisting in the rescue of the boy he had shown fine qualities of courage and heroism.

As a reward for this service the king of scouts had investigated the charges against him, cleared his name, and he had been permitted to return to Teton Peaks. Since that time he had been trying to make good, and was succeeding.

Watching the dust cloud kicked up by the hoofs of his horse, they talked of all this, and recounted the incidents of that perilous pursuit, when they had cornered the Kid and his followers in his wolflike lair, and had routed them, and rescued the boy.

The regrettable thing was, the Apache Kid had turned his familiar trick again, and had escaped, with all but three of his band, who had been killed in the fight.

But they had brought home Wharton's boy, sound and unharmed, and so long as the Kid did not trouble white people, no one cared to take the risk of following him.

"Et ain't likely," said Nomad, "thet Tom Kennedy"—that was the stutterer's name—"will git inter trouble. I reckon ther Kid has shore piked out fer more peaceful pastures. But all ther stuff Kennedy has got out in them hills cain't be wuth five dollars, an' he's plumb foolish to go thar ter git et. He's a quar' duck, but he ain't a lame un; thar is shore good goods in him. And ef I seems ter joke him——"

He thumbed tobacco into his old briar, and drew over it the flame of a match.

"Ef I do I reckon he considers ther source, as ther jack-ass did when ther man kicked him." He blew out a whiff of smoke. "An' he knows thet ef he war in trouble I'd break a laig ter help him."

"Yaw! Me der same," said the baron, sucking at his long-stemmed pipe. "Sduttering Tom he iss a shentlemans." *

*For the story of Stuttering Tom and the rescue of Gabe Wharton's boy from the terrible Apache Kid, see last week's issue, "Buffalo Bill and the Red-Renegade; or, Pawnee Bill and the Outlaw of the Hills."

CHAPTER II.

THE PIUTE AND THE EAGLE.

Avoiding the main trail, and striking into the hills at a point with which he was familiar, Stuttering Tom Kennedy disappeared from the sight of the men of Teton Valley.

When more than a day had gone by after the time of his expected return, old Nomad and Pawnee Bill were out on the hogback trail, denying to themselves that Stuttering Tom had encountered the Apache Kid, yet looking about for tracks of his horse, with the dim idea of following it the next day, if he still stayed away.

Pawnee Bill, on Chick-Chick, his sleek-coated buckskin, was a fine figure of a man, strongly contrasting with the old borderman, Nick Nomad. Each was "heeled" like a battery of light artillery; for this was a dangerous country. The only noticeable difference in the equipment was that in place of the homely blades sticking in the trapper's belt, Pawnee's outfit in that line consisted of his two gold-mounted knives.

Coming to a point where the trail of the stutterer's horse showed they drew rein. Removing his hat, as he looked at the tracks, Pawnee pulled a smoke weed out of one of the leather receptacles in its crown. Lighting the fragrant Havana, he squinted along the trail, and began to follow it.

"Though he went along hyar, thar ain't no tracks showin' thet he come back," Nomad commented.

"We know that he didn't come back; but whether that fact means anything or not," said Pawnee, "is a question. I suppose, to a man who has camped out in these hills for months, a day or so isn't worth counting. Of course, I'm not going to acknowledge that I'm anxious about him."

The hogback trail wound roughly on, and came out on the brink of a cañon.

Hère Chick-Chick snorted suspiciously and backed.

Pawnee Bill was humming a song, and he did not break it:

"The Kiowas thought they had him,
When they corralled him on the hill;
But they had some guesses coming—
For his other name was Bill."

He blew out a ring of smoke and looked into the cañon. Old Hide-rack, Nomad's horse, was dancing now with Chick-Chick.

"Injuns er b'ars," said the trapper, shading his eyes with his hand and peering. "This ole animile is thet pizen knowin' he won't go nigh either of 'em. Which is et, Pawnee?"

"Call me a Siwash if I know what it means, Nomad," Pawnee responded. "Thinking of the Kid, of course, makes me suspicious that he may be hanging 'round."

He smoked and looked, and hummed snatches of his song:

"For his pistols shook their bullets,
And then he used his gun;
And instead of getting Cody,
The reds were on the run."

He drove the dancing buckskin on, with light touches of the spurs.

Then a call came out of the depths.

"Call me a greaser," he muttered, bending to listen; "if I didn't know that Little Cayuse was at Teton Peaks I'd say that was his call! It was a distress call, too."

"An' from an Injun," said Nomad. "Only, I cain't prezackly place et. Seems ter come out er ther cañon, an' likewise outer ther air."

Standing up in his big stirrups, Pawnee Bill sent a wavering cry in return.

"Whoever ye aire, an' whoever ye be," squalled Nomad, "whoop et up, so's we can git a line on ye."

"That's good advice, if——"

He replaced the cigar between his lips.

"If," he said slowly, "it isn't the Apache Kid. If *he* is calling, you can be sure he knows we are here, and is up to mischief."

He still urged Chick-Chick on, and again called, a few moments later.

A reply drifted to them, and in a little while they were sure that it came out of the cañon.

Drawing rein there, Pawnee Bill looked into the dark depths of the cañon and called again. The reply was the crack of a rifle. Nomad pulled Hide-rack back with a strong hand.

"Waugh!" he snorted. "Looks like——"

The rifle cracked again, and a splinter flew from a rock near by.

"It's a raw blazer of a play, if he is shooting at us," said Pawnee, taking the stogie from between his lips.

"Mebbeso he's shootin' at ther rocks—huh!" was the indignant snort of the borderman. "Ther Kid is down thar, an' he's got a line on us. I move thet we fly out o' hyar."

Instead of drawing back, Pawnee Bill bent his head in a listening attitude; then he called again.

"You're wantin' ter pack lead, Pawnee," Nomad grumbled. "Thet will jest tell him whar ter locate ye."

"Perhaps," said Pawnee dryly. "But doesn't it occur to you, old Diamond, that if that is the Apache Kid he has shown mighty poor judgment in locating his ambush?"

"He'd be whar he c'd bushwhack us easier?"

"Now you're hitting it. The Apache Kid would lie out here alongside the trail, where he could see us plain when he pulled trigger; he wouldn't burrow in a black hole like that, and shoot wild."

"Waal, mebbeso, I——"

A call came again, out of the depths.

"Who is down there?" Pawnee Bill demanded.

"An' don't answer wi' bullets," Nomad growled.

There was an answer in words, but it was unintelligible. Yet the voice was unmistakably like that of the Piute.

"Is that you, Little Cayuse?" Pawnee shouted.

"Ai!"

The answer floated clear and strong.

"Waugh! A trick!" warned the borderman. "Ther Piute is at Teton Peaks. Thet Injun down thar is shore tryin' ter buffalo us, Pawnee."

"The Piute was at Teton Peaks. Looks to me like he is here now. But how he got down there is a puzzle that gives me the razzle-dazzles. There must be a place somewhere along here where he could go down without falling, but my eagle glances don't discover it at this minute."

As he drew Chick-Chick back from the cañon's rim the wavering yell they had first heard came again.

"Sounds like the whistle of a bull elk, only it isn't," said the big fellow, restoring the weed, and beginning to smoke up. "And there it comes again. Strikes me that if Little Cayuse is making all that war music he realizes that he is in a tight place, and is afraid we are going to desert him. Which shows that he didn't recognize our voices. It is pretty deep down there, Nomad."

When the yell came again he answered it:

"E-e-ee-yah!" High and resonant it floated, and was flung back by the rocks and the hills.

"He got that," he said, and urged Chick-Chick along the cañon trail, looking for a spot where a descent might be made.

The rifle cracked once more in the depths.

Presently Pawnee Bill found the thing he was looking for—a place where the cañon rim had crumbled away, and had fallen in scattered blocks of granite. The descent was still fearfully steep, but by making use of the boulders and rocks one might, Pawnee saw, get down into the cañon here.

"I'm going down," he said, "and I'll need your rope, as well as my own. Some one is down there in trouble; it is an Indian, and I think it is Little Cayuse. But to prevent any slip-up, you'd better stay right here with the horses. If I yell to you that I'm in trouble, you can come down, too; but in that case, look out. But I'll tip you the right kind of a warning, unless I'm knocked out."

He threw a leg over, and slid out of the saddle.

"There goes that call again," he said, "and now it is the rifle. Little Cayuse is sure burning gunpowder."

But following the rifle shot there sounded a scream, choked yet penetrating. It did not sound like Little Cayuse—it did not even seem human. Right on top of the scream the rifle barked again.

"Waugh!" Nomad gulped. He turned to Pawnee. "What does yer make of et?"

The scream came again, a sort of shrill screech.

"Elegant place that, for any kind of happening, Nomad. The way to find out what it means is to go down."

He ran the riata coils through his hands, and got them ready. The borderman swung out of his saddle.

"Et's all right ter say, 'Stay hyar,' Pawnee. But I ain't goin' ter. Mebbe thar's redskins down thar, an' mebbeso et is sperets o' dead men, er whiskizooos; but whatever——"

He turned the horses loose and dropped down the crevasse at the heels of Pawnee Bill.

It was a troublesome descent. Time and again they saved themselves from headlong falls only by bringing up against a boulder. Débris and loosened soil showered down into the cañon ahead of them. Once again they heard the scream, and once again a quavering call; but the report of the rifle no longer reached them.

When they gained the bottom of the cañon they still saw nothing. Therefore, Pawnee Bill called:

"Little Cayuse!"

"Ai," came the answer.

"Waugh! Et seems ter be him."

"Where are you, Little Cayuse?"

"All same here," was the reply.

"Keep calling, so we can locate you. It's dark as a nigger's pocket down here. What has happened to you?"

"Me make um fall, Pawnee."

"Well, we'll reach you in a minute or so. Just continue that yelping, will you?"

Pawnee noosed a splinter of rock ahead of him, where he saw a hole, and swung down into the hole.

"There's a little box cañon down here, Nomad," he said. "Get the end of the rope now; it's coming back to you."

He tied a stone to the end, flung it within reach of the trapper's hand, and Nomad came down. As he had already discovered that he would now need both ropes, Pawnee gave a wavering jerk. As a result a wavelike motion ran up the rope, and snapped it off the rock splinter.

"Thet's shore manipilatin 'a rope like I has seldom seen et done before, son," said Nomad, filled with admiration, for it was a clever trick. "One er these hyar days some show person is goin' ter offer ye more money than's good fer ye, jest ter git ye to go round exhibitin' ther like o' thet."

Pawnee Bill laughed.

"I don't mind confessing to you, old Diamond, that I spent a good many years perfecting little things of that kind. But they come in handy in times like these, eh? Now we'll go down and see what is happening to the Piute."

"I'm bettin' he has fell in hyar an' broke a laig. Still, thet wouldn't account fer thet devil's screech we heerd."

"It wouldn't, Nomad; that sounded some queer and perplexing. But we're going to learn all about it soon now."

"Ef we don't go under tryin'."

Pawnee slid an end of the rope down into the cañon, hooked on the other, and when both were over, he went down with a sliding motion. As he did so that unearthly screech broke on the air again, this time accompanied by a yell of terror from the Piute.

Nomad fairly fell down the rope, and piked after Pawnee Bill, who had leaped off into the darkness regardless of the danger of broken limbs.

When they came in sight of the Piute, the mystery, much of it, was revealed. A gigantic eagle was attacking the Indian boy, and he was putting up a vigorous fight against it.

Pawnee Bill unsheathed one of his knives when he saw the situation.

"Knife the thing," he shouted to the Piute.

The Piute was swinging his rifle, striking at the angry bird. Its scream rose again, angrier and harsher. Leaving the Piute, it came fluttering at the head of Pawnee Bill. Then he saw that it was wounded; one wing had been hurt, and its flight was not a flight strictly, but a series of infuriated leaps.

Twice the big bird came at Pawnee Bill, while he maneuvered for an effective blow. Then the knife shot out, glittering its gold and steel even in the dark depths of the cañon, and the eagle came down, striking heavily in the bottom of the box cañon.

A Piute whoop of triumph resounded.

"Waugh!" Nomad roared. "I reckon ye killed et, Pawnee."

Pawnee Bill, rushing to the Piute, discovered that he was bleeding in a dozen places, where the great bird had raked and clawed him; but otherwise he was not injured. Nomad came up at a lumbering gallop.

"Waugh!" he bellowed, glaring round. "How'd ye git in hyar, Cayuse, anyhow, when ye ought ter be this minute at Teton Peaks?"

"Little Cayuse fall in."

"Wow! Frum ther top thar, an' et didn't bust ye? War ye tryin' ter gether eagle eggs?"

"Tryin' git um eagle," said the Piute.

"So's ye could have a ton o' feathers ter braid inter yer midnight ha'r? You're gittin' ther hawg habit."

"Try git um talk-paper."

Pawnee Bill took Little Cayuse in hand.

"Tell us all about it," he said. "That's the best way, and generally the quickest."

"Ai."

"But about the talk-paper?"

Little Cayuse glanced at the eagle, which lay at a distance below him, no longer fluttering.

"Him dead now," he said. "Me git um talk-paper."

He sprang down. When he returned he held up the knife that had drunk the life of the enraged bird, and also a paper folded and tied with buckskin.

"You read um," he said, handing knife and paper to Pawnee.

Pawnee Bill slit the buckskin, unrolled the paper, then scratched a match, as he needed more than the natural light to read by in that place.

"Old Diamond, listen to this," he said, a jerk of excitement in his voice.

Then he read:

"TO BUFFALO BILL:

"The Kid has got me.

TOM KENNEDY."

Nomad whooped his amazement.

"That's plain enough," said Pawnee. "Now we'll let the Piute tell his story. Sit down there, Cayuse, and take a pull at this, with something to eat. You've lost blood, and you're weak as water."

He produced a flask of liquor, and dug out of his war bag a strip of dried beef and some broken crackers.

The Piute pointed the bottom of the flask at the strip of blue sky visible at the top of the cañon walls. He was gasping and strangling when Pawnee Bill pulled it away.

"The taste of an Indian for fire water is enough to make the world weep," he commented. "Try the meat and the crackers now."

They vanished magically.

"Pawnee heap big chief," said the Piute.

"You do me proud, Little Cayuse. But we're aching for information, rather than compliments."

"You see um rope," said the Piute, pointing to his own rope, hanging against the cañon wall, high above his head, where there was a strip of shelf. "Mebbeso one hour, mebbeso two hour ago, me ride caballo 'long top side cañon. Me go look for trail Stutter Tom."

"Wow! Ye did?" said Nomad. "Waal, that's what we war doin'."

"Little Cayuse think mebbeso Apache Kid got um Stutter Tom. Two days Stutter Tom gone."

"Three days," Nomad corrected. "Thet is, et is goin' onto three days now."

"So me take Navi and go look Stutter Tom trail. Up there," he swung a gashed and blood-stained brown hand, "me find um. Trail bimeby vamore. Ugh! Me no can find."

He gesticulated.

"While me make um pasear on caballo, eagle make um scream. Come by me pronto. But heap wounded in wing. When try fly up cañon eagle make um fall.

Whoosh! Go down in cañon. But me see um talk-paper, tied round um neck. Me like git um talk-paper, take um Pa-e-has-ka."

"So you followed the eagle into the cañon?"

"Wuh!"

"What did ye do?" asked Nomad, "wi' yer caballo?"

"Leave um Navi by trail; take rope, climb down in cañon. Git down here." He pointed to the shelf, where the end of his rope was to be seen.

"Ye got down that fur. Then what?"

"Eagle come. Whoosh! Eagle make heap big fight. Strike Little Cayuse here—strike here." He pointed to the red rakes on his arms and chest. "Knock Little Cayuse from shelf, down here."

"So the eagle made you fall from the rope," said Pawnee; "and then you couldn't get up to it again. And I suppose the bird kept fluttering at you?"

"Eagle all time make heap big fight," explained the Piute. "Me shoot um rifle, but no can hit; shoot again, no can hit; eagle not stay still long enough to shoot um. Make 'nother scratches." He pointed to other red rakes on his arms and body.

"Ther critter war shore givin' ye a lively seance," said Nomad, deeply interested. "Couldn't ye knife et?"

"No can do," admitted the Piute; "no can shoot um, no can knife um. Make heap big fight. Then Little Cayuse call loud; think mebbeso somebody come along trail, hear um loud call. Nobody come. Ugh!"

He glanced at the dead eagle.

"Pawnee heap big brave," he said. "Heap big medicine knife. Mucho fine."

He began to straighten out the tangled braid of his hair, smoothed down his rumpled buckskins and settled his warrior's plume in place.

"Pawnee and Nomad not come, Little Cayuse not see daylight any more. No can get out. Stutter Tom, paper-talk say, all same Apache Kid ketch um. Very bad for Stutter Tom."

He took a step toward the eagle.

"Where um Pa-e-has-ka?" he asked, swinging round.

"Down at ther hotel, restin 'easy in his mind," answered Nomad. "But he'll be ready ter jump when he gits this bit of news."

Pawnee Bill read the note again, and tucked it away in his pocket.

"I don't know how Kennedy got this note tied to the neck of an eagle," he remarked, "nor how he expected us to get it even then. But it proves that our fears weren't astray when we advised him not to come out here."

"Heap big job for Pa-e-has-ka now," said the Piute.

There was a trickle of water at the bottom of the box cañon, and instead of going over to the eagle, he stooped by the water and began to wash off the blood stains.

Having washed and cleansed the scratches, he re-

vengeed himself on the eagle by taking its plumes; he had a handful, when he had selected the choicest.

"Enough feathers thar ter make an Injun devil out o' ye, er a medicine man," grunted Nomad. "Hope ye ain't goin' ter w'ar all o' them ter onct."

"Mebbeso sell um to Injun," the Piute informed him. "Me keep um those." He picked out several of the choicest.

"You're about the cutest trick that ever toted a scalp-lock," Pawnee laughed. "You couldn't make a guess as to the direction the eagle had come from?"

"Naw, Pawnee. Eagle sail round like buzzard—wing hurt."

"Bring him up here, so we can look at that injured wing."

The Piute hopped down and dragged the eagle to the higher level. The right wing had been injured close to the joint, and then had buckled, no doubt, when the suck of the cañon breeze had struck it. This seemed evident from the fact that a partial break was recent, while the wound itself was so old that the blood from it had dried on the feathers.

The three inspected the body of the eagle carefully. It was a young bird, though now fully grown. Its pin-feathers, and the soft scales of its legs, were proof. Where the buckskin had been round its neck the feathers were worn, yet not in a manner to indicate that burdens of that kind had ever been attached there before.

"However this Kenndy person got holt of et, ter tie a packet ter ets neck, gits away frum my understandin'," Nomad confessed. "Yet he shore done et, as we has ther proof. And ther said letter p'intedly declares thet ther Kid has got him. I reckon, Pawnee, thet we'd better climb out er hyar and rack to Teton Peaks wi' ther news fur Buffler. Et will start things ter millin'. We come out kinder huntin' fer facts ter show thet Stutterin' Tom had bumped inter ther Kid, and we has corraled 'em a heap plenty and p'inted."

"Him mighty big job," averred the Piute.

"I reckon yer right, Cayuse; et's goin' ter be a heap big job, ef we gits thet Kennedy person away frum ther Kid, alive an' kickin'."

"There are no jobs too big for Cody," said Pawnee. "When he gets worked up and hits the war trail, it's no good saying 'Wi-co-ka-wo'—"you can't do it"—"to him. You know that, both of you."

He settled in place the knife that had served the Piute so well, after cleansing it in the water; then stepped toward the double rope dangling against the box-cañon wall.

"We'll have to reach that shelf to get your lariat," he said to Little Cayuse. "But if you go up our ropes, you can shin along the face of the wall here, and work the trick all right. There will be no eagle to knock you off,

and you can climb up easy. Come along; there's no good staying here longer."

Little Cayuse swung up the ropes, and executed the maneuver Pawnee Bill had outlined for him; then he worked on to the top of the cañon wall, while they proceeded by the route they had descended.

It was a long and hard climb out of the cañon, but they made it, and stood at last on the rim above, where the trail clung.

Chick-Chick and Hide-rack were waiting at the point where they had been left. Navi's tracks showed, farther on, and the Piute set out to find him. In a little while he came back, riding the handsome pinto.

"Now we fan for the Teton Peaks," said Pawnee.

Away they went, round the cañon's rim, then along the trail leading downward toward the Teton Valley.

CHAPTER III.

THE APACHE KID STRIKES.

As the three riders from the hills dropped from their saddles before the Escondo Hotel, bursting with news for Buffalo Bill, another rider broke through the gathering haze, coming from southward.

He was a thin, small man, garbed like a farmer, and he rode a blown horse. Seeing the trio who had dismounted, he eyed them.

"You're Buffalo Bill, eh?" he said, speaking to Pawnee.

"Your rope goes rather high for me, stranger," was the answer. "But I'm a friend of his. I think he is in the hotel here."

"I heard he was here, and I came looking for him. I got news for him if you'll show me where he is."

"Take our animals to the stables, and see that they're well treated," Pawnee ordered, tossing a piece of silver to the Mexican boy who had come out to get the horses.

He turned to the rider.

"Let me send your horse there, too," he urged. He saw that the horse needed feed and rest.

"I don't care if you do," said the man, yielding his horse to the boy. "If I go right back, I reckon I'll need another."

He followed the trio into the hotel, and was led by them up to the room of Buffalo Bill, into which he was shown, after Pawnee had knocked on the door and had been told by the scout to enter.

"News," said Pawnee, drawing out the note taken from the neck of the eagle.

"If't ain't too important, I'd like to git mine in first," said the man, looking at the scout, who had risen. "I don't allow that any other can be more important. Indians attacked my wagons, out beyond Silver Springs, this mornin', killed all my horses but this one what I rode

in here, slaughtered some of my men, and then got out with the others, and a girl."

"A girl!" said the scout.

"Them they took was Indian drivers, and the girl had some red blood. It was because the drivers were Indians that the attacking reds didn't kill 'em, I reckon. They didn't kill me, because when the attack came I was out of the camp, on that horse; and I made my getaway. They chased me, but I beat 'em out."

"Do you know what Indians they were—what tribe?"

"No, I don't. But after I shook 'em, I back-tracked, until I came in sight of the camp again, when they had gone. After makin' sure they wasn't hangin' round, I rode up to it. They had set the wagons on fire, and everything was burnin' that they hadn't been able to carry off. I had a big stock of provisions and everything. You see, I was takin' out a lot of stuff for the ranch I intended startin', down in the Silver Spring basin; I had everything—flour, meat, provisions, and groceries of all kinds—enough to stock up for three months or more, for a considerable ranch. Well, they took all of it."

"There must have been a large party."

"More than a dozen of the reds, and they had a band of ponies with 'em. Looking the ground over I saw their trail, when they had left, and though I ain't no great shakes at such things, I could see that the ponies had gone away loaded, by the manner in which their hoofs cut into the ground. As I said, what the reds couldn't pack off they burned."

He let his hand wander into a pocket, and brought out a number of small articles—an eagle feather, a box of pigment, dyed porcupine quills, and empty cartridge cases. These he extended on the palm of his hand.

"I found them, in pokin' round the fire; I reckon the Indians dropped them."

Buffalo Bill took the articles for inspection.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and held them up.

"I didn't know," suggested the man, "but you could mebbe git an idee as to who they was, by lookin' at them articles."

"The work of the Apache Kid," said the scout.

"Waugh!" Nomad rumbled. "I has seen porkypine quills jest like them, an' ther Kid war w'arin' 'em. But thet eagle feather, Buffer, is San Carlos."

Buffalo Bill pulled a letter from his pocket.

"I got this while you were away," he explained. "It came down from Fort Grant, by the hand of Lieutenant Breeze. He rode two days and nights to deliver it. He has gone on south now, to warn the miners and settlers down there."

He read the letter, from the colonel in command at the post:

"MY DEAR CODY:

"A dozen San Carlos braves have deserted the reservation, taking with them blankets and ponies, and have gone

southward, in your direction. Among them is a medicine man. I look for reports of trouble, and send this to warn you. You will know what action to take. Lieutenant Breeze will spread the news as far as he can, and will send out couriers. Though no one can tell, it is my opinion that the San Carlos will break for the Mexican line. If you find that they are doing so, organize a force, if it is necessary, and try to head them off and turn them back. I have wired Washington for instructions, but so far have got no reply.

"Hoping the break will amount to nothing, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"E. L. BLAKE,

"Colonel in Command."

Nomad roared again.

"Thet accounts fer ther San Carlos eagle feather. And this hyar box o' paint; thet is San Carlos, too."

"Your guesses are right, Nomad; we know now that the San Carlos have joined the Apache Kid. We'll have to look into this at once. I was only delaying here until you returned; but I'm glad I did, as it has brought this report in from Silver Springs, and we know where to begin work now."

"You'll go right away?" said the man who had come in from the Springs.

Buffalo Bill had been glancing inquiringly at the scratches on the arms and face of Little Cayuse, and at the eagle feathers he carried.

"Cody will go, all right," Pawnee Bill declared to the stranger, who had given his name as Jim Jasper. "A story like that always hits him hard. We've got a report here, too, that will interest him mightily, and fits right into yours, I think."

"I can see," said the scout, "that Cayuse has been in a scrap."

"Looks like he'd been chicken fightin' with a rooster," laughed Nomad, "an' 'no mistake; only et war wuss."

"Ai, Pa-e-has-ka," said Little Cayuse; "all same fight um eagle."

He proudly displayed his handful of eagle feathers.

"You can get up a headdress now that will sure soften the heart of that Tonto beauty you were interested in a week or so ago," said the scout smiling. "Where did you get the feathers?"

"Pawnee medicine knife kill um eagle."

"I guess you'll have to untangle the kinks in the rope, Pawnee," the scout invited.

"It's just what I've been waiting for a chance to do, necarnis."

Forthwith the big fellow launched into his story of the discovery of Little Cayuse in the bottom of the box-cañon.

Before he had concluded he produced and passed to the scout the note from Stuttering Tom that had been found tied about the eagle's neck.

"The Apache Kid again!" said the scout. "That cañon is fifty miles from the Silver Springs, where the wagon

was attacked. Yet because the eagle was found there does not necessarily indicate that it was freed near that place with this note."

He reread the note, puzzling over it.

"The queer thing," he said, "about this is that Stuttering Tom could have placed it on the neck of the eagle, when he acknowledges here that he was held as a prisoner by the Kid. But of course we can't solve that puzzle now."

"My idee is," said Nomad, "thet ther eagle was shot—wing-tipped, ye know—and that brought et down; after which Tut-Tom managed ter hook thet letter to et. Thar's shore holes in thet reasonin', I know, but thet's ther only way I kin seem ter make et work out."

"Eagle hurt um wing over cañon," explained the Piute, "then fall in cañon. Me go down git um letter."

"An' then ther critter knocked ye off ther shelf; and because ye couldn't git back to yer rope, ye stayed thar, wi' ther critter jabbin' 'at yer eyes jest ter make things interestin'. Frum ther way ye squalled, Cayuse, I reckon thar war shore a plumb skeered redskin down in thet cañon about ther time me an' Pawnee come erlong thar."

"Little Cayuse heap scared," the Piute admitted. "But," he held up the feathers, "me now can make um war dance."

A smile sat on his scratched, brown face.

"Give er red a lot o' feathers," commented Nomad, "an' he's plumb as happy as a cat lappin' new milk. Ef ye hit et up wi' ther right redskins, Cayuse, ye can sell enough o' them to buy ye a new rifle, an' have plenty feathers to spar'."

"Me got heap good rifle now," said the Piute scornfully. "Mucho fine rifle. Sell feather—buy um new moccasin, new blanket, plenty heap war paint."

"Wow! You're plumb pizen."

Pawnee Bill had continued his talk with Buffalo Bill and with Jim Jasper.

"It's too big a job for you to pike back to the Springs again to-night, Pard Jasper," the scout declared, noting the weakness and pallor of the man, who had been exhausted by his long ride, "and I don't see that it is needed. We'll get ready, and right after supper we'll start. I've got orders, you see, to look out for the San Carlos renegades; here is your call; and Stuttering Tom is in the hands of the Kid. All that points to a lot of warm work; but I can see right from here that when we strike one trail we're striking all three. So, as the trail at the Springs is big and wide, according to your account, we'll hit it there, and then follow it up to the jumping-off place."

"And it is a fortunate thing, Jasper," added Pawnee, "that you haven't got a lot of folks captured, for you to be eating your heart out about while we are gone. I'd advise you not to go on to that ranch you have located, or trouble about it, until those San Carlos are bunched

and put back on their reservation. If they should jump down on you there from the hills, you might not get away the next time."

"It's good advice you're giving me," Jasper admitted. "Still——"

"You don't want to take it?"

"Seems to me that as it is my property that was burned and run off, it is my place to do my part in whacking at the reds that done it; that's all."

"We'll do the whacking," said Pawnee Bill. "You stay right here, and rest up. If any of your things that were carried off can be found we'll deliver them to you here; but I'm free to say that I wouldn't borrow any money on the chance that you'll ever see them again. Sorry to say so, Jasper, but that's the way it looks now."

Jasper went into further details of the Indian attack while they waited for supper.

After supper he saw Buffalo Bill's party take horse and ride away for the Silver Springs.

"Adios!" Buffalo Bill called to him at parting. "Keep your heart warm. We'll do the best we can for you."

"Adios!" he called in return, and saw them fade into the darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE OF STUTTERING TOM.

Stuttering Tom had gone forth convinced that the Apache Kid had deserted that part of the country. Mounting to the trail on the high ridge known as the hogback, he had ambled along contentedly, filled with the pleasant thought that life was opening rosily for him again.

For months he had lain in those hills as a fugitive, and because he had to live, he had twice descended on unfortunate foot travelers and taken from them supplies and ammunition for his rifle. These brigandish expeditions, with his flight from the vigilantes, had given him the name of the Outlaw of the Hills.

But through the intercessions of Buffalo Bill, when the latter returned to Teton Peaks, these things were not brought up against him, and he was given to understand that if henceforth he conducted himself in an honorable manner the slate against him would be wiped clean.

"I've learned the names of the men that I took the things from," he reflected as he rode along, "and I'll pay 'em back, every dollar. All I want is a little time, in which to earn the money. Cody is shore the whitest man that ever hit this belt of the earth, and he is my friend forever."

His new happiness and sense of freedom burst forth in snatches of song, though his ability in that line was far from remarkable.

At the end of the hogback trail, where it frayed out into a rocky footpath, he turned his horse loose, not doubting that he could catch it on his return. Near by was low ground, with grass and water, from which it was not likely to stray far.

The rocky path, dipping down into the broken cañon, was familiar to him, and he went down with practiced ease. Now and then, when he needed to use his rope, he did it skillfully.

Two hours of hard work and rough climbing brought him out on the rim of a wide chasm, or cañon, where so long he had made his home. The spot seemed almost inaccessible, and because of that, and certain cavelike holes he had found in the cañon walls, he had hidden away there while he thought himself much wanted.

Instead of descending at once to the holes where were some of the few belongings he desired to remove, he squatted on the weathered rocks and looked about, musing on the quick change that had come to him.

As he did so a big bird came fluttering down from a notched peak, and dropped to the rocks at his side. Kennedy's mouth expanded in a pleased grin.

"Hello, old Bub-Baldy!" he said. "You've cuc-come to pay me a visit, heh? Well, th-that's gug-good of you. You was the only fuf-friend I had in the w-world fuf-for a gug-good while, and I'll nun-never forget it."

The bird—it was an eagle—edged nearer, and he stroked it on the wings.

"You're a fuf-fine bird," said the stutterer; "fuf-finest ever. Mebbe you th-think you'd lul-like to go to the town with me an' live. Well, I'll be t-tarnal glad to tut-take you; won't sus-seem so lonesome there, with you along. Yes, you're a fuf-fine bird."

When it came still closer he took it in his arms, and sat talking to it in the warm sunshine that blazed full on the high rim of the cañon.

He recalled the time when he had found it, a nestling, and had taken it to his cave; where he had reared it, with infinite difficulty. That was but a few months before; so it was still young.

"I dud-don't know but it was you th-that kept me from going c-crazy that time, Bub-Baldy," he declared affectionately; "yes, I reckon that was what you dud-did for me."

The big, handsome bird nestled against him as he stroked it.

"And once you dud-did a fine thing for me, that mum-maybe you don't remember, but I will always. I was starvin' that tut-time, ye know, in the hole down there; ammunition all gone, and no gug-game, with nun-nothing to shoot it with. And you f-flopped down into the hole with a s-s-sage rabbit, jest as if you understood. I ain't s-s-sure bub-but you did, too. That was fuf-fine of you, Baldy; it shore was mum-mighty fine."

For half an hour the big bird nestled in his arms, while he talked to it. Then he set it on his shoulders, and, dropping the noose of his rope over a point of rock, he descended thus to the cave.

This was a mere hole in the face of the cañon wall, but after entering, it enlarged to the size of a small room. There were others near like it, probably burrowed out by ancient cliff dwellers, and used by them as refuges from their enemies. Kennedy had discovered the caves by accident, and they had served him well.

Taking the eagle into the cave with him, he set it on a projection of rock, fed it some food scraps he found in the room, and talked to it as he gathered the few things he meant to carry away.

He did not hurry. This hole had been his home so long that he liked to linger in it, and was almost reluctant to leave it. He had decided to take the eagle, and he packed his belongings with that end in view.

While he tarried he was startled by the dropping of a pebble from the cañon rim; it shot past the opening, and fell with a clatter, as it rebounded from one of the walls.

Stuttering Tom knew that either a human being or an animal had set the pebble in motion; there was no wind blowing. Glancing across, he saw that the aspen on the top of the other wall was fluttering not a single leaf.

"The Apache Kid, mebbe," was his thought. "If it is, he saw me, and has slipped up on me."

Tiptoeing to the narrow entrance, he looked out. Unable to see anything, he stepped out cautiously to the shelf in front of the hole. An arrow whistled by his head, and he ducked back.

"Indians," he whispered, in a panic. "And th-that means the Apache Kid!"

He strapped his bundle to his back with fingers that shook, and put his rifle with it; then caught up the eagle. He had his rope with him, a double one in length, and dropped an end off the ledge, working with stealthy celerity. If he could get down into the cañon he thought he might yet escape.

When he darted out of the hole, and swung over on the rope he had fastened, another arrow came flirting down; but it missed him, and the next moment the lip of the shelf served to screen him from the bowman.

The eagle sat serenely on his shoulder as he swiftly lowered himself. Believing that the Indians were all at the top of the cañon he was planning how he could dodge them, when the eagle screamed and fluttered from his shoulder.

Glancing down, Kennedy was in time to see a head feather dip out of sight in the recesses below him.

"They're there, too!" he gasped.

He began to climb back as fast as he had gone down. Panting, he regained the shelf, dodged another arrow, and slid into the hole like a disappearing snake.

The eagle fluttered over from the opposite cañon wall, settled on the shelf, then hopped through the opening. Another arrow fluttered downward.

Following the arrow, a yell lifted in the cañon; and then others answered from the rim. Knowing they had been seen by him, the Apaches had now abandoned their stealthy attempts.

The stutterer sat within the entrance of the cave, staring out into the cañon, listening, while his trembling hands gripped his rifle. Sweat came out on his face.

"They recognized me, in spite of these bub-black clothes, just as you did, Baldy," he said.

It was a peculiarity of Kennedy's vocal impediment that when he was scared or excited he stuttered very little, or none at all; excitement loosened the tied cords, or made the brain forget, and he spoke rapidly and easily.

"I guess they've got me, Baldy," he whispered, as he listened to the yells. "Indians above and below; and—there goes one off on the other side. They're getting over there, so they can shoot me when I show myself. This is a good hole to hide in, but it's a hard one to get out of, when foes are watchin' it. I reckon I'm sewed up here. And no chance to get word to anybody."

A suggestion came to him, and he looked at the eagle. Poised on the rock where it had so often perched, its wings fluttered angrily, and it emitted a scream.

"You don't like Indians any better than I do. Or is that jest the result of excitement? If I should pitch you out there, I wonder if you w-would hover r-round, or would you fly away? 'Twon't dud-do no harm to try it."

He pulled from a pocket of the wrinkled black coat a new notebook, in which he had set down the cost of some recent purchases, and fished out a pencil. Then he wrote the note, which was afterward found on the neck of the eagle:

"TO BUFFALO BILL:

"The Kid has got me.

"TOM KENNEDY. (STUTTERING TOM.)"

Finding a buckskin cord on one of his shelves, Kennedy doubled the note into a flat package, tied it, and fastened it to the neck of the eagle with the buckskin.

"Bub-Baldy," he said, his voice tremulous, "I don't s'pose there's one chance in a thousand that Cody will ever see this writin'; and it's a pity to send ye out this way, for some rifleman to crack at, when he notices this packet on your neck. But I'm in a bad box, Bub-Baldy, and I got to do it; I got to try to save my neck, if I can. If I can hold up until Bub-Buffalo Bill can get here, if he sees the letter, there'd bub-be a show for me."

His voice choked as he took the eagle in his arms, after tying the letter to it, and it nestled against him. But he bore it to the entrance remorselessly, and there gave it a toss that sent it fluttering out into the cañon.

The Indians on the rim above whooped when they saw

it, and those below threw the whoops back like an echo. The eagle seemed bewildered. Twice it circled round, flying heavily, and appeared to be on the point of returning to the hole in the rock. Instead, it fluttered finally to a crag on the opposite rim, and settled there, screaming.

It had scarcely folded its wings when a rifle cracked from the cañon's rim. The Apache Kid was up there himself, and his keen eyes had noted that something was tied to the eagle's neck. So he pulled his rifle down on the noble bird and sent a bullet.

Compared with white men, few Indians are skillful with a rifle, and the Apache Kid was no exception. Hence, though the eagle offered a fair target, the bullet did no more than give it a slight wing clip.

It screamed, and rose with a flutter, showing that it had been hit. But it did not fall, and after swinging round in a bewildered way it rose to the top of the cañon wall and disappeared, going toward the east.

Stuttering Tom watched its flight, muttering a prayer.

"Go!" he whispered. "You're started right; but—I'm afraid you'll not keep it up."

He pulled his rifle to the entrance, and with it held between his knees, he squatted there through the hours of the afternoon, listening. He anticipated an attempt to get at him, and was prepared to meet it.

Before nightfall all sounds and signs of Indians had failed. Yet the watcher in the hole on the face of the cañon wall was not deceived thereby. He knew that sharp black eyes were watching that hole from every point of advantage, and brown fingers were ready to speed a bullet at him if he appeared in sight.

When night came down he could not hope that the relentless Apaches had gone away—he knew them too well. But he decided, nevertheless, to try to escape in the darkness. He really pinned no faith to the message borne by the eagle—the chances seemed too remote.

Through the long hours of the darkness no sounds of his foes reached him. Through the cañon rift above he could see the stars, but within the cañon darkness as well as silence reigned. When midnight had passed he crawled over the edge of the hole, and let himself down softly.

But as he reached the bottom, and his feet felt about for the solid rock there, his legs were seized, and he was thrown down violently.

"Ah! You thought we were asleep, or gone away; but I never sleep."

It was the voice of the terrible Apache Kid sounding in his stunned ears.

CHAPTER V.

THE TERRIBLE KID.

On the high cliffs above, as day broke brilliantly and the sunrise burned like fire off in the east, the Apache Kid and his followers camped with their prisoner.

The Kid was in a talkative mood, and not ill-humored. Some whisky had been seized in a recent raid made by the San Carlos braves who had joined him the day before, and it warmed into geniality the cockles of his evil heart.

So he talked, and boasted, as he pulled strips of spitted deer meat out of the camp fire and ate his breakfast. He was painted and feathered. One black, shining eye looked straight at the prisoner, the other turned downward and inward in a queer droop, which made his painted face extremely sinister in its expression. Beaded moccasins were on his feet, and on his legs leggings of deerskin ornamented with quills and fringes of leather. His hair, grown long again, hung in a shiny braid down his back, the end of the braid tied with threads of red cotton; and a red-flannel headband supported his tossing eagle feathers.

Viewing him in his savage pomp and pride, no one not conversant with his history could have dreamed that the Apache Kid had been not only a student at Carlisle, but had been on the Carlisle football team, and at various times had charged the opposing lines at Yale, Princeton, and Harvard. He spoke English like a white man, and was wise in many of the white men's ways.

Yet here he was, painted, beaded, and blanketed like a savage. Surrounded, too, by Indians as grotesquely attired and painted as himself. He viewed them with satisfaction, as they gorged themselves on the venison provided by a lucky shot from one of their rifles. Their arms were of the newest patterns, taken from raided wagon trains, and from pony soldiers massacred by the Kid and his followers, and they had now a goodly store of cartridges.

"You thought I wanted to shoot you," said the Kid, speaking to his prisoner. "Well, I didn't, unless you made me do it, to keep you from getting away. I had other ideas about you. You deserved a bullet, of course, for what you did to me; you haven't forgot it—it was only a week or so ago."

Stuttering Tom thought it wise to cultivate the virtue of silence.

"You and me had made the friendship talk; you recollect that," said the Kid. "You was playing the game of hide out here, and so was I; only, as a bit of revenge, I was holding Gabe Wharton's little boy, to pay Wharton back for slamming a hunk of lead into my arm that time he and others raided my camp."

His one good eye took a baleful gleam over that memory.

"I dug that lead out, and lost enough blood by it to have killed a bull buffalo; and I'll have an arm that may go back on me always. So I struck back, as I always do, and corraled Wharton's boy, just to make the old man squeal for what he'd done to me.

"Then you got into the game against me, helping Buffalo Bill. But for you, too, Buffalo Bill and his crowd would never have smoked me out. They did, with you to

help 'em, down in that basin, and I had three men killed there, and lost the boy.

"I got away with the rest of my men, and went south. But I had left some stuff here, and came back to get it. I was watching for you, and I meant to get you. I didn't know, then, that you had gone back with Cody to Teton Peaks; for you know you told me you was afraid to go there any more."

"Cody straightened things out for me there," stuttering Tom; and the fact that he did not stutter, saying it showed that he was frightened by his position.

"Yes; you've told me that." He laughed and blew the ashes off the venison he was devouring as he talked. "Well, when the Apache Kid goes back to the white men, and makes goody-goody talk, it will be for the same reason you did—because he thinks it will pay him. "Some day," he added, "I may, just to keep from being hung; but that would be the only reason."

He chewed at the meat.

"Isn't that," he said, referring to the venison, "better than anything ever cooked up and served in a white man's restaurant? You wouldn't think now that I've been on gay Broadway, would you? But I have. The Carlisle fellows played Columbia, and we went through Broadway the night after the game. The way the people looked at us you'd have thought a Wild West show was parading the street, and we had on our white men's football togery, too. Yet you'll claim that Indians are savages, and that white men are civilized. Bah! Pish! Scratch the skin of a white man, and you'll find a thief or a fool. There's a terrible howl goes up when a few Indians lift some ponies, but what about the white men who steal everything they can lay their hands on, so long as they ain't afraid they'll get caught?"

He gulped down a strip of venison, and took a drink of water, using a tin cup.

"But that's got nothing to do with this case between you and me," he grumbled. "You gave me the double-cross, and I said I'd get even; not by killing you, but by making you my slave. You can understand that?"

The stutterer held his peace.

"Shall I make it plainer? You're a lazy dog, and don't like to work; I know that, from watching you at times. I'm going to make you work for me. Where I am going I'll need a good servant, and you're to be that. You can cook—you cooked for yourself here a long time; and you can do all the things I'll want done.

"I've got twenty men now, with the San Carlos who joined me yesterday. We could do some red raiding, with that number, if we wanted to; maybe we will after a while, just to show the white men that we're still alive. But not now.

"The thing we're going to do now is to go down into a hidden valley that lies south of here, down by the Mexi-

can line; I don't think even the pony soldiers know where it is, or ever heard of it. But these San Carlos know; they hid there once, some years ago, when the pony soldiers chased them, and they gave the soldiers the ha-ha.

"So there is where we're going. I don't mind telling you, for you're going along, and you'll not get away. The valley has water and grass for the ponies, and there are deer and antelopes; but we're not going to depend on the game, except for the fresh meat we'll want now and then. We expect to shy out and hit a pack train, or something of the kind, and get what we need, and then back into the valley. We can stay there forever, and never be located, for the way to it is across lava sheets, where a shod elephant couldn't make a track."

He chuckled, then choked.

"That whisky didn't last long enough," he grumbled. "Just a good drink all round. The wonder is that any of it got to me, when the San Carlos are such fish for it. But if we hit a pack train, we ought to get a lot; that's the only thing a white man makes that we care much for, except guns and ammunition.

"The first train we're going to hit," he added, "isn't a train, but a ranchman's wagons, loaded down with stuff for his ranch." He laughed. "The way that fool fell to my plan was a sin. I sent down three of my White Mountain Apaches—the ones that could speak a little English, and he has hired them for drivers and herders. He was about to start out from White Falls Basin, and I heard about it, and that he wanted help.

"There was also something else there that I wanted." He winked his good eye. "That was a half-breed Tonto girl; she had hired out to him as a cook. I got a look at her, when she was with her family, at some springs south-east of here, and Cody's Piute was cultivating her acquaintance. There's a medicine man among these San Carlos, and he's going to marry me to that half-breed beauty, and we're going to settle down in that Happy Valley I've been telling you about."

He winked again.

"If she don't like it? Well, there have been white women tied up to white men, when they didn't like it. I'll be following the white man's fashion. And that Piute! How he will howl and tear his braid when he hears of it.

"And me and this half-breed beauty will have you to wash our pans and kettles, pack wood for us, cook for us, and wait on us. How does that strike you?"

Stuttering Tom munched away at the venison given him, and did not answer.

"The cloud of gloom that's hovering over you ought to give me the blues," said the Kid; "but it doesn't. It makes me feel good. For you see I'm beginning to pay the first instalment of the debt I'm owing you. By the

time it's paid in full you'll wish you had kept faith with me, and had never heard of Buffalo Bill Cody."

When the sun was well above the peaks the Apache Kid and his renegades took up their line of march, with Stuttering Tom in their midst.

They had made sure that he could not escape, by fastening a bridle chain to his leg, the other end of the chain being attached to a heavy stone that had a hole through its middle, as if nature had fitted it for the purpose. Kennedy was compelled to carry the stone, in order to walk at all, and its weight made it practically certain that he could not run away.

"How is that for a beginning?" sneered the Kid, as the stutterer took up his burden and the march southward over the almost impassable way began. "Next time, when you choose between me and Buffalo Bill, be sure that you don't come back where I can get my hands on you. That stone will weigh a thousand pounds after you have crawled up and down a few cliffs with it, but that will be only a starter."

It was an appalling prospect.

CHAPTER VI.

A DIFFICULT TRAIL.

When Buffalo Bill's party gained the spot where the San Carlos Apaches, combined with those under the Kid, had attacked Jasper's wagons, they found nothing, at first, but desolation.

It was in the gray of the dawn, after a night of hard riding.

But as they looked about, something which had seemed an old blanket, ash-sprinkled, stood up, and was seen to be an Indian.

Little Cayuse stared at the figure, then, recognizing the savage, uttered a cry. When the Indian had stared back he took a step toward the Piute. The next moment finger talk and lip talk flowed like a stream of water.

Neither Buffalo Bill nor his companions knew the Indian, but they saw that he was a Tonto. He was a man of fifty, garbed in the blanket that he had covered with ashes, and without face paint. The familiar Tonto feather stuck up from his flannel headband, and he wore leggings and moccasins.

Little Cayuse swung round, with anguished face.

"Your friend is in trouble, eh?" said the scout.

"Ai, Pa-e-has-ka. Mucho trouble," the Piute responded.

Then he proceeded to tell them that the man was Wolf Robe, the full-blood brother of the half-breed girl carried off by the Apache Kid's band of renegades; and, further, that she was of the Tonto family with whom he had taken potlatch recently.

"Mucho fine girl," he explained, his black eyes glistening suspiciously.

It appeared that she had hired out to Jim Jasper, who had stopped near the springs where the Tontos for a month or more past had been encamped, and was to do some work and cooking for him; so she had been with the wagons when the Kid's Apache devils had descended on it.

Wolf Robe had made a run-over in the night to see her, and had found the remnants of the burned wagons, and every indication of what had happened. He had followed the renegades a short distance, but knowing he could do nothing, afoot and alone, he had returned to the scene of the outrage, and there, squatting in the ashes, Indian fashion, he had howled his grief, and cast ashes on his head and over his blanket.

"As ef thet would do any good, er help resky ther gal," Nomad grumbled. "Thar's Injun nonsense fer ye. Settin' hyar moanin', instead o' rackin' out ter git ther pony soldiers. Waugh-h!"

"It's sure a raw deal that has been handed out to him, though," said Pawnee Bill.

Buffalo Bill was asking the Tonto questions, and Pawnee Bill took part in the questioning.

"Dead white man out there," said the Piute, swinging his hand in the direction of the trail left by the Indians. "Wolf Robe see um."

The trail was as broad and plain as a highway. The sand at that point was deep, and the Indian ponies had ploughed through it without any attempt at concealment.

By the side of the trail, a few hundred yards beyond the smoking ruins, they came on the white man, who had been a herder hired by Jasper.

Apaches do not scalp, but they mutilate horribly. When the white men looked at the body they turned away their faces, hardened as they had become through familiarity with terrible sights. Buffalo Bill ordered the Piute to throw a blanket over the disfigured body, and then they set to work to scoop out a grave in the sand.

Little Cayuse took no part in this work, but spent the time in talks with Wolf Robe.

Seeing that this party was here for the purpose of following the trail of the plundering murderers, Wolf Robe declared that he would accompany them, for the purpose of rescuing his sister, if it could be done.

"I'm hoping that no other white men come in contact with the Kid," said Pawnee Bill, as they laid the unfortunate herder in his sandy grave. "This kind of work is what makes a borderman hate Indians."

"Fortunately, all Indians are not Apaches," returned the scout.

"I has knowed Kiowas, an' Comanches, an' Pawnees, an' Sioux, an' Cheyennes, not ter mention numerous

others, ter be ez pizen mean," said old Nomad. "Gin'rally Apaches aire inclined ter be a little more wolf, yit not allus."

"Vhen an Inchun he iss hit der var drail unt blay Inchun," commented the baron, "he iss some tuyfels. I haf hadt some inexperience mit him. Budt idt iss petter to pe deadt mit dhem, dhan to be some brisoners oof der Abache Kid, I bedt you."

A headboard, cut from a wagon board that remained unburned, furnished out the grave in the sand, with an inscription as good as they could write; it told the time, place, and manner of his death, but not his name, which was unknown to them.

It was only another of the nameless graves dotting the West, populated by victims of Indian treachery and cruelty.

An hour by the sun, after a rest and a breakfast, and food and rest for the horses, the broad trail of the redskins was taken.

It held steadily southward for a while, then swung round and headed for the gullied and cañoned hills, where it was known that for some time the terrible Apache Kid had been in hiding.

But they did not believe that the Indians still remained in those hills, though the hills afforded many places of concealment. However, they were forced to follow the trail, and when the hills were approached they were required to guard closely against ambushes.

Time and again the Apache Kid had been trailed, since the hour when he and other supposed-to-be faithful scouts of the government had massacred a company of pony soldiers and taken to the plunder trail; and often he had ambushed successfully, but never yet had he been captured. His cunning, and his success in breaking out of the most difficult places, had become proverbial.

A short distance within the hills, the few cattle driven off by the Kid's followers had been slaughtered by them. The best portions of the carcasses had been carried away for food, also the skins; the rest had been left for the wolves and vultures.

"So long as the Kid and his gang stick to their ponies," said Pawnee, "we ought to be able to track them; we can go with our horses wherever they can go with theirs. I'll put Chick-Chick against any Apache caballo that ever romped over a rocky trail."

But even this did not seem to be sound, for later the pursuers came to a lava sheet, which they could cross with their ponies, and which apparently the Apaches had crossed; but no trail was there, and no trail was possible.

As this lava extended for leagues, the direction taken by the Apaches after entering it could only be conjectured, as they had more than a twelve-hours' start over the white men and Indians who followed.

Buffalo Bill's party held to the general direction,

though with a growing belief that they were going wrong, for it was natural to expect that the Apaches had changed their course somewhere in the field of trackless lava.

"When ordinary judgment tells you," said Buffalo Bill, while they were halted to talk this over, "that an Indian is sure to do a certain thing, just give the figures a turn and conclude that he will not. If we apply that here, we will go on in this direct course. We think the Indians would turn aside; but will they, or, rather, did they?"

"When et comes ter guessin', Buffler," said Nomad, digging up his odorous briar for a smoke, "the sense of a nannygoat has got a white man sidetracked, ef he's guessin' erbout ther ways of an Injun. Hide-rack hyar has got more sense than any nannygoat, and ef you'll look, he is pokin' his ears forrud. What does et mean? Mebbeso nothin'. Mebbeso erg'in, et means ther Injuns has gone on, an' he smells 'em, or the trail they has left, which we cain't nowise see."

The party continued on, for no other reason than that the Apaches could logically be expected to have gone in some other way, and because Nomad's old horse, Hide-rack, had pointed his ears along that course.

Within two hours, they found that in doing so they had exhibited wisdom. The lava ended, to be replaced by leagues of light and shifting sand. Not a trail could be seen on all that sandy surface; yet close by the lava edge, Little Cayuse, assisted by Wolf Robe, found what seemed to be all that remained of a hoofprint.

The company gathered round and inspected it. The sand, drifting continually, had sifted in there, but had not entirely filled in the track; and a pony track it was, undoubtedly, they decided. Also, because a few hours more would have filled it, they decided that it had been made probably the day before.

Buffalo Bill leveled his field glasses on the leagues of sand which stretched before them. Far out there was a hazy shimmer, as of heat; and that seemed, to the eye, the boundary of the sandy plain. Even the glasses could not penetrate it.

"Nothing to be seen," he said, when he lowered the glasses. "Take a look, Pawnee."

"Same here," admitted Pawnee Bill, after he had adjusted the glasses to his eyes.

Yet they were satisfied that the Indians they followed had passed over this sandy waste in their flight.

When they entered the sand, hoping to find further indications that the renegades had passed that way, their horses and ponies, ploughing through it, left deep trails; but the sand they stirred up drifted about in the light wind, and the wind rolling other sand in little eddies began to fill the tracks almost as soon as they were made.

The party went no more than a mile, then turned back, without discovering anything.

"We don't know how far this sand extends," was the scout's argument, to sustain this action, "and we don't know where there may be water holes, if any. So we've got to carry water—all we can, for ourselves and horses. But first we've got to find the water."

"Those ki-yis seem to be hiking for the Mexican line, anyway," was Pawnee's conjecture. "We might swing round this sand belt, and pick up the trail on the other side. They didn't stay in there, necarnis; for even a buzzard couldn't live in that place."

Buffalo Bill called up Wolf Robe, and with the aid of Little Cayuse put him through a course of questioning, intended to extract whatever information he had of the region.

But though Wolf Robe and the Tontos he claimed kinship with had guided their caballos over a good deal of territory down that way, this was a district new to him. He shook his head, as he looked at the sand, and declared that it was bad medicine. Neither he nor the Piute liked the notion of entering it.

"Then, can you tell us where to find water?" demanded the scout.

Wolf Robe looked about, and off at some flat buttes. Water was to be found in hollows, on the tops of the buttes, if anywhere.

But as that was a thing which Buffalo Bill knew already, he was helped very little.

Dividing his small force, the scout made a search of the buttes. But night came down, and drove the searchers back. Therefore, a dry camp was made on the edge of the sand. There was still plenty of water, for the men, but not much for the horses.

"Looks like ragged play, at the very beginning of the game, Pard Bill; I'm referring to the hand we're holding," said Pawnee.

"Thet Apache Kid is heap smart," agreed old Nomad, who was feeding a small quantity of oats to Hide-rack, using his old hat as a feed box. "Ef he'd been hung before he was born! Looks to me right now, not bein' thet I'm critical, thet when Little Cayuse looks erg'in inter ther face o' the half-breed gal, she's goin' ter be a heap older. An' I reckon, too, ther Kid has got Tut-Tom wi' him, ef so be he ain't killed him 'fore this. Tut-Tom would er showed a wiser head ef he had stayed at Teton Peaks."

They had a short-allowance supper, in their dry camp; but the horses were more fortunate in that line, for a quantity of green grass grew close by some rocks. As the ground seemed a bit moist there, Buffalo Bill thought of sinking a well, in a test for water, if the tops of the buttes yielded none.

Yet a pursuit of Indians, who knew the water holes, of which their pursuers were ignorant, did not seem promising, as Nomad had said, right at the outset.

But the next morning water was found, in a rocky

depression, on top of a butte, where it had been held since the last rainfall, the slope of the surrounding rocks having poured the rain into the hole as into a cistern.

"Rained hyar erbout three weeks ago," avowed Nomad, as he studied the indications of evaporation that had taken place. "This will hold out mebbeso two weeks more—say three; then likely no more rain will come fer six months. What I'm drivin' at, Buffler, is what we're goin' ter do fer water when we back tracks this way, ef so be we're gone longer than we expect, and this water hole is dry then?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," said the scout.

"Pard Cody is right, old Diamond," said Pawnee. "Be thankful for the favors of the present, can't you? Perhaps it will rain great guns here inside of a week, and this hole can't hold all of it. Look at it that way."

He had drunk his fill of the sweet water, and now was lighting the weed he had drawn from the crown of his hat.

"Suppose I go to moaning, afraid that my cigars won't hold out; and I'm burning them fast. Think of that awful catastrophe, Nomad, and think of the fix I'd be in. I'd have to make a pipe out of a cactus—stem and all; and rub desert weeds to pieces for tobacco."

Yet the picture he drew seemed not to distress him, as he blew rings of smoke at the turquoise sky, and with Buffalo Bill considered the situation.

After all, their reasoning brought them round in a circle to the jumped-at conclusion of Nomad and the Piute. The Apaches and their leader were "heap smart," and the work of running them down and corraling them was not to be done in a hurry.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAGIC BUSH.

At the end of a week of as hard work as they had ever put in, Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill had not reached a conclusion differing in any respect from the above.

But in that time they and their companions had covered a good deal of territory, and by a process of slow elimination had worked out some facts. They knew that the Apache Kid had not gone with his band to the eastward, beyond the sand desert and the lava belt; for off there lay a strip of alkali soil, white as snow or salt, which would have held the impress of any hoofs or moccasins crossing it.

In the same way they knew that the Kid had not gone to the westward, for a pebbly area lay there, streaked with patches of green. The scout's party had covered that thoroughly, and made sure that it held no pony tracks.

So but two directions remained—southward and northward. They might have passed the Apaches, or been passed by them; yet they did not believe this had happened. But if it had happened, the Kid was behind them. Otherwise he was somewhere ahead, which meant south.

Tracking through sand had worn down the horses. They needed rest and recuperation, and were being held by the Tonto and the Piute in a little valley, where water and grass had been found.

Outside, continuing the search on foot, were Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill, and in another place Nomad and the baron.

As the scout and Pawnee went on slowly, they watched keenly for tracks, and likewise studied every cactus and bush before them before they went near it.

They did not believe that the Kid or any of his Apaches were close at hand; this caution of theirs was a mere matter of habit, induced by long and perilous experience.

"I have seen an Apache lie hid in a spot where it would seem, necarnis, that a horned toad couldn't keep out of sight. I remember once, down on the lower Colorado, that I was following a Yuma. The rascal had knifed a white man, then cut for the desert, and I had been detailed to hunt him down. In a place as flat as this, where it was all sand, and I was sure he could not be there, he jumped at me, with his knife out; he had buried himself in the sand, all but his brown nose; and he judged when I was near by through his sense of hearing. The sand was light, like this; he came up with a jump that showered me with sand, and filled my eyes with it, then tackled me."

"You got him?"

"Of course, I got him, necarnis; that was what I was out there for."

Buffalo Bill had stopped, his eyes fixed on the sand before him.

"Think a red is under there?" said Pawnee. "It isn't a likely place, but——"

"A red has been there, I think, and not an hour ago," was the answer of the scout. "Do you notice that pebble?"

"That's right, Pard Bill; I see it now."

There were beds of pebbles here and there, shining, some of them, like polished agates. The one the scout referred to, and on which the scouts had fixed their eyes, was not shining, but was dull colored.

"Turned over recently," said Pawnee. "Your eyes are sure all right, Cody. If it had lain that way long the wind and the sand eating away at it would have given it a polish."

"There is a bit of alkali on it, you'll notice; it was, of course, on the under side. It's whitening in the sun now. An hour ago, when it was underneath, it must have been

a gray-brown; in another hour it will be as white as salt."

The scouts looked ahead, and to right and left.

"He may be in the hills off there," suggested the scout, "or—he may be in that bush right ahead of us."

"Three hundred yards, isn't it? Hard to tell, here, where the sun glitters everything so much. But it's not over five hundred yards off. And if the red is there, and has got a good rifle, and nerve, he could get us here."

"True enough," said the scout.

Nevertheless, they advanced, counting on the well-known fact that an Indian rifleman, if he has not been in close contact with white men, is a miserable shot. He seems not to know that both fore and rear sights of a rifle are made for use; so he sights too often through the rear sight only, and shoots high and wild.

"Of course," remarked Pawnee, "that pebble might have been turned over by the hoof of an antelope, instead of the moccasin of a redskin striking it; but we have seen no antelopes, and it isn't likely."

"Nor have we seen any redskins, though we've tried hard enough."

"That's true, necarnis. But if an antelope had passed this way his sharp-pointed hoofs would surely have poked holes here and there; but there aren't any. If there were any sage rabbits here, I might make another wild guess, and suggest sage rabbits."

"Cast your eyes ahead of you—there by that bit of black lava; you will see something."

An indentation in a film of alkali by the lava bore the suggestive outline of the toe of a moccasin.

"Phew! That red was going some when he stubbed his toe there. Your guesses are always right, Pard Bill. It was a moccasin which turned over that pebble, and the redskin wearer of it is somewhere ahead of us. That bush seems a likely place."

"You don't notice anything peculiar about the bush?"

Pawnee Bill flung it an apparently unobservant glance.

"I do, now that you mention it, Cody. It is first cousin to certain manzanita scrub I've seen, and doesn't belong here at all, but out in the hills. Everything else growing here is of the thistle, cactus, and greasewood order."

"That's right. It doesn't belong here, and didn't grow here; which means that it was transported. My guess is that when we came out into this place there was an Indian poking round, who had that bush with him, for concealment purposes. He couldn't get back into the hills without being seen, so he planted his bush, and is hid now inside of it. He is hoping we'll pass on by without discovering him."

They were sauntering on in careless attitude, as if engaged in ordinary conversation.

"He will not shoot at us," the scout continued, "so

long as he thinks we haven't suspected his ruse. And he can't shoot without moving and shaking the bush, and so giving us warning. Just drop your hands carelessly into your coat pockets, and get those little pistols ready."

Pawnee Bill laughed as his hands slid into the outside pockets of his coat.

"I'll try to wing him, if I have to shoot, Pard Bill," he declared. "For if he is one of the Kid's men, we'll want to have him alive, to sling talk for us. I rather think we can find means to persuade the rascal to point the way to the hide-out of the gang. Mebbe it will save us another week of hard work."

Buffalo Bill tore off a thistle now and then as they passed along, and shaped them into a roll.

"What now?" Pawnee asked.

"I'm going to make a torch."

"Going to smoke him out?" Pawnee laughed again.

"The leaves of that bush are dry as tinder—you can see that now; and they will burn, I'm sure. I think when we get close up, and you have your pistols ready, I'll fire the torch into it, and see what happens."

"It will sure astonish him, necarnis."

Having pulled more thistles and shaped them, the embryo torch was wound round with thistle fiber. The dry thistle heads at one end were as inflammable as cotton.

The expected happened, when the moment for action came.

As the torch flamed through the air the suspected bush shot forth a yelling redskin. At the same time the fake bush fell apart, as if it had been held together by invisible strings, now severed.

There was a knife in the redskin's hand, but he showed no other weapon. As the knife lifted and the Indian dived with another yell at Buffalo Bill, the little revolver in Pawnee's right-hand pocket barked, and the bullet sent the knife flying.

As he turned to run, defenceless and frightened, the toe of Buffalo Bill's boot hooked round an instep, and the Indian came down sprawling.

The next instant the scout was on top of him, with Pawnee hurrying to his assistance.

The Indian's own red-flannel headband, twisted, served to tie his wrists together, and a turn of Pawnee's riata round his legs rendered him helpless.

They had already seen that he was not an Apache, but a Maricopa, of one of the wandering bands that rove over the southern deserts, subsisting on cactus pears, mesquite beans, ants, and scorpions.

The dropping apart of the bush with which he had concealed himself had shown a blanket bundle on the ground there; but this they gave no attention at first.

They began to question him in the various dialects of the Southwest, but he only stared up at them with black eyes that glittered like polished stones. He was evidently very much frightened.

"The talk we're slinging, Pard Bill, don't seem to get next," said Pawnee. "Suppose you give him a little finger exercise."

An adept in the Indian sign language, Buffalo Bill began to use it.

The Indian still stared, but there was now in his eyes a gleam of comprehension.

"I guess you're hitting him. Shall I loosen up this flannel tourniquet a bit, so that he can shake some talk back at you?"

"Yes," said the scout. "Untie his hands."

With his hands unbound, the Maricopa sat up.

"I'll just grip this end of the riata," said Pawnee, smiling, "for fear he may kick out of that harness and try to give leg bail. I'm betting he can be something of a runner, get him started."

Buffalo Bill began by asking him if he had a horse near, though it seemed unlikely. The question was easy to ask. The scout jerked a finger at the Maricopa, to indicate that he was referred to; then he straddled two fingers of his right hand over the first finger of his left, to indicate a man sitting astride a horse, and made a forward galloping motion with them through the air.

The Maricopa shook his head.

The scout bunched the fingers of both hands into the shape of lodge poles, and the Maricopa understood it to mean: "Where is your village, or tepee?"

With a swing of his head he indicated the south; then he laid his head on his palm, closed his eyes and opened them, and repeated it again.

"Your people are two sleeps to the south," said the scout.

"You seem to have straggled some distance from your vine and fig tree," commented Pawnee. "And, of course, that means you were out trying to steal something; which means, further, you had knowledge of something to steal."

The scout pointed to the Maricopa, and made the Indian thief sign—usually applied among the Indians as a thing of honor; for an Indian considers stealing, from an enemy or another tribe, a praiseworthy thing.

Something like a smile cracked across the brown face, and the Maricopa jerked his head toward the bundle.

Buffalo Bill stepped over and picked it up. When he shook the blanket open a curious assortment rolled out—an Apache blanket, headband, knife and hatchet, eagle feather, box of paint, curiously beaded moccasins and leggings, together with a robe of wolfskin dyed in a highly fanciful pattern, the head of the wolf attached to it, with grinning teeth exhibited, and glass eyes shining. In addition, there was a weasel-skin medicine bag heavily scented, and a gourd rattle. Glued to the weasel skin were a number of balls made of horse hair.

"Wow!" Pawnee gulped when he beheld the odd assortment. "The villain has robbed a medicine man."

"And killed him," said the scout, pointing to certain dark stains and a slit in the wolfskin made by a knife.

"By the tokens, necarnis, that medicine man was a San Carlos Apache, too. Does that suggest anything?"

"It does, Lillie—a whole lot; it warms the trail for us. That letter which came down from Fort Grant stated that the San Carlos who had jumped the reservation, and, as we know, joined the Apache Kid later, had a medicine man with them. Here are his remainders, as Tom Sawyer would say."

He began to make signs again to the Maricopa. The Indian was rather proud of his work. The Apaches were the scourge of the Southwest, with their hands not only uplifted against the white men, but against all other Indians. For that reason the Maricopa hated them, and in slaying and stripping the Apache medicine man he had, he felt, ample justification.

Buffalo Bill went on with his "finger practice," Pawnee Bill looking on with great interest.

"That's right," Pawnee commented. "Tell him he must take us straight to the body of the medicine man. That ought to put us a heap close up to the Apache Kid. My guess is, the medicine man hadn't strayed far from their hide-out, and that we're now in a fair way to locate it; he probably wandered out somewhere to make medicine and consult the Apache oracles, and perhaps spell out witchery that would circumvent us. I've seen medicine men go into trances, when, judging by the looks, they knew no more than a man asleep, though afterward they claimed they had been talking with the spirits."

"Mebbe we'll never know, necarnis, what the truth of the matter is, but I'd gamble Chick-Chick against the meanest Indian pony that ever trampled grass that this cowardly Maricopa sneaked on the medicine man when he was in a fit like that, and then ran his knife into him. That would have been dead easy for him, and a Maricopa is just naturally too cowardly for a straight, stand-up fight."

When, by threats, Buffalo Bill had got the Maricopa into a subservient state of mind they set him on his feet, and with the riata hampering his legs, so that he would not try to run away, they made him take them to the dead medicine man.

Two hours were consumed, after they hit the hills, in a scramble over stone and lava and across crevices and fissures; at the end of which time they came to a small grove of scrubby pines set at the rim of a great gash.

This gash widened away before them into a wide depression, like the bottom of some dead and waterless cañon. The farther distances were swallowed up in a blue haze, through which peaks swam and white buttes lifted their wide, flat areas.

In the grove lay the medicine man, dead and stripped. The knife of the Maricopa had been driven into his back, and he had fallen forward on his face, and apparently had

died without a struggle. Beside him was his tripod of peeled cottonwood poles, whereon he had hoisted his medicine bag of weasel-skin and horsehair fetiches. No doubt he had been prostrating himself before it when the murderous blow was given, and if the prostration had been long continued he had probably self-hypnotized himself into a trance.

The trail of his moccasins came up from the rim of the gash, and the marks were to be seen farther down, on a soapstone clay wet by a trickle of water.

That trickle of water which had oozed from the rocks was a hint that in this region water was to be found, indicating that perhaps beyond the blue haze lay a watered valley.

While Pawnee Bill guarded the Maricopa, Buffalo Bill studied the configuration of the gash and the swimming depths far below.

"The Apaches are in there," he declared confidently.

Pawnee Bill, already sure of that, had been doing some thinking, a continuation of a good deal of thinking done on the way.

"Pard Cody," he said, "there are certain things here we can surely bank on. When the medicine man came up to this grove to consult the spirits, the Apaches knew where he was going, and his purpose; but they didn't know how long he would be gone, for he didn't know that himself; that would depend on his success in communicating with the spirits. If he was in a state of mind to pop into a trance without much effort or delay, he would get his answer, and go right back; otherwise, he might have to fast a while, and that might take days.

"But while he was up here with his medicine bag, and rattle, and fetiches, no Apache would disturb him or come near him, if he tarried on his job for a week; for that would be to disturb and anger the spirits, which would be Apache bad medicine. Of course, they knew we would follow, and perhaps some of their scouts may have seen us; and it's a safe throw of the guess lariat that his conjuring concerned us. He expected to work witchcraft against us. If one of us fell from a horse and broke a leg after that, the Apaches would believe that the spirits shoved our man out of the saddle; and if one of us fell sick, they would know that the sick man had swallowed a wolf demon at the last water hole, and it was inside of him, eating at his vitals. Apache medicine is great stuff, Cody."

He looked at the crouching Maricopa.

"So I suppose we ought to thank our red friend here for putting the kibosh on the medicine man and saving us from all that. But it wasn't really what I was trying to get round to. Here is the conjuror's toggery—the complete layout. And I think, Pard Bill, that I'm the boy to make good use of it."

"How?"

"I'll play San Carlos Apache medicine man, and so get next."

They talked it over, in view of their supposed discovery of the Kid's hiding place. In the end they decided that it might be worth the risk.

Removing the lariat from the legs of the Maricopa, they sent him away without his loot, but with a silver-handled pocketknife, which so delighted him that he danced as he departed.

They had kept the medicine man's toggery for the use of Pawnee Bill.

"Now we've got to get our force together," said the scout, "and keep out of sight of the Apaches."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE HIDDEN VALLEY. •

The place would have been a cattleman's paradise.

Dropping down from the hills, springs trickled their water by many-fingered rivulets, and when it sank into the soil the same water furnished a subirrigation which made the valley grass-lush and green.

At the farther end of the valley, which was probably five miles long and a mile wide at the point of its greatest width, the San Carlos and White Mountain followers of the Apache Kid had erected their lodges, of slim, bare, cottonwood poles covered with bits of canvas and dirty blankets.

Set apart from the others and elevated conspicuously on a rocky shelf, stood the lodge of the medicine man. Before it was a pole tripod, supporting his feathered pipe of sacred pipestone, his buffalo-hide shield, his tobacco bag of deerskin, and a cluster of horsehair fetiches.

Within the lodges, and heaped before them, were piles of goods taken from the burned wagons of Jim Fisher. A barrel of flour, broken open, had spilled some of its contents, and the grass there seemed blanketed with snow. Near the flour barrel was a pile of empty cans, that had held peaches, apricots, and other fruits. The ground reeked with fruit juice, where it had spilled when the reckless redskins had slashed cans open with hatchets to get at their contents.

One of the lodges had no loot in front of it, but a man sat there—a white man in rags and tatters, and with an air of depression and weariness.

The man was Stuttering Tom, and to his right leg was fastened a bridle chain, the other end of which passed through a hole in a heavy stone. His leg was chafed into a sore by the wear of the chain, and the weariness of carrying the stone about wherever he moved, combined with the tasks daily laid on by his merciless captors, had made him pray for death.

As he sat looking about, a half-breed Indian girl came out of one of the lodges, followed immediately by a San Carlos brave. Shrinking from his outstretched hand, she wheeled on him fiercely, snarling like a dog. Then she lashed him with Tonto invectives, which made him roar.

Stuttering Tom had been in the Southwest all his life, and had picked up a few words of many of the Indian languages there; so he understood, to an extent, what the girl said, and what the San Carlos flung back at her when she excoriated him.

One of the San Carlos friends of the young brave called him a soft warrior.

But it was too late. The Apache Kid came jumping down the hillside on the right. The offending San Carlos shrank when he saw him, then straightened with an air of defiance.

"So it's comin'," thought the white prisoner, aroused to interest. "Well, on a showdown, I'm bettin' on the Kid. Still, the t'other is some of a warrior, in his own opinion, and don't reckon to go round askin' the Kid, or anybody."

The half-breed girl had flashed into one of the lodges, out of sight, scudding like a boat before a hurricane.

The Kid stopped before the warrior, then, folding his arms, eyed him steadily. It was a particularly malignant and offensive stare, for the Kid's left eye drooped and turned inward, and the right optic, shiny as a black button, did all the work, and had the boring power of a small-caliber rifle.

"Floating Feather is a chief—a chief of the San Carlos," said the warrior, angered to defiance, "and he takes orders from no White Mountain Indian, even though the White Mountain has been trimmed by the white man's schools until he thinks he has the shape of a white man."

A murmur arose, and Indian faces began to darken the lodge openings.

A cloud of rage swept over the face of the terrible Kid, and his hand dropped to his knife; yet he knew he dared not use it.

"What did the warrior say to the girl?" he demanded.

"Floating Feather is a chief, not a warrior," was the scornful reply.

"What did Floating Feather, the San Carlos chief, say to the girl?" said the Apache Kid, though the change of the words was of itself something of a surrender.

"The Tonto is good to look upon," admitted the San Carlos; "that is what Floating Feather said to her. He has a right to speak his mind."

"But she has been chosen by me, Running Wind; she is to warm my lodge, and I have spoken to the medicine man. Floating Feather knows this. So I tell him to beware."

The murmurs of the San Carlos warriors pushing out of the lodges behind him emboldened the young chief.

The face of the Apache Kid, whose Indian name was

Running Wind, twisted into the visage of a fiend, and again his hand dropped to his knife.

"Floating Feather is bold," he said, "because his San Carlos friends are behind him. He knows that except myself there are but three White Mountain Apaches here. But," he clutched his knife and struck his breast a resounding blow with his knife hand, "I am Running Wind, the Apache Kid, and I fear no man. Will Floating Feather fight me now, or will he obey my orders? I am chief in command here!"

Floating Feather recoiled before the furious rage that spat forth its bitterness in the words of the Kid. And he feared the knife, for the Kid was a master of that weapon, as he had proved in more than one terrible combat.

But the murmurs of the braves at his back flung him forward.

"Running Wind is in command—of the White Mountain Apaches, while Floating Feather is in command of the San Carlos. If Running Wind says the word, the San Carlos will leave him here."

The drooping eye of the Apache Kid twitched, though the other bored the young chief like a gimlet.

"Outside somewhere are the white wolves who follow us. Does Floating Feather and his braves care to meet them? Here only is safety and hiding. Does Floating Feather care for the sleeps of the desert, the thirst and the hunger; the wild pursuit, and the lashing of the desert storms? If he does, let him leave the valley. Or, if he wants to go north, there he can meet the pony soldiers who have been sent after the San Carlos, and will drag them back to the bondage of the white man's reservation. Otherwise——"

Floating Feather gave his strong shoulders a shrug.

For a moment he wavered; then the cloud rolled away, on his part. He advanced, extending his hand.

"Floating Feather sees that he and Running Wind cannot quarrel," he declared. "We may have to fight the pony soldiers and Pa-e-has-ka. Running Wind is a wonderful warrior, and his cunning is greater than the cunning of the snake; also he is more deadly. Floating Feather and Running Wind should be friends."

The Apache Kid hesitated; his bubbling rage still choked him. But after a moment he, too, put forth his hand.

"Let it pass," he said. "When the medicine man returns from the grove of pines we will talk of this again. Until then——"

He sheathed his knife and turned away.

The Apache Kid had not been able to get away from the superstitions of his fathers. His education was but a veneer, which ran very thin in spots. So he awaited anxiously the return of the sorcerer, hoping his conjuring would be effective as a protection from enemies. But the thing he thought of now was the probable result if, on the return of the medicine man, the conflicting claims of

himself and Floating Feather to the hand of the half-breed Tonto girl, were submitted to him for settlement. Would not the medicine man, who was a San Carlos, incline to the side of the young San Carlos chief, even though he had already promised the Kid his influence and aid?

Throughout the wordy combat Stuttering Tom had sat quietly before the door of his little lodge, a deeply interested spectator.

"That's good enough," he thought, as he saw the Kid swing away and walk down the valley, and the San Carlos chief enter one of the lodges of his followers. "When two dogs git to fighting over a bone, ginerally neither one gits it. The final result here, I reckon, will be a split between the San Carlos and the White Mountains. Whether that will help me or not I don't know. But what they said makes me wonder if they know that pony soldiers aire pikin' this way."

The Apache Kid had apparently departed in the direction of the grove to which the medicine man had gone, but Stuttering Tom knew the Kid would not go there, for an invasion of the grove while the medicine man was in it would be a sacrilege the sorcerer would not forgive, and would be, besides, very bad medicine, and result in all sorts of unhappy things for the Apaches.

When the sun was still an hour high the half-breed Tonto girl came out of her lodge, and down to the rivulet which flowed at the feet of the white man, who had been sitting there in the sun all the afternoon.

Floating Feather was nursing his grouch in his lodge, if he had not slipped out at the rear and gone off somewhere, the stutterer knew. So he deemed it safe to speak to the girl, who had knelt on a flat stone, and had begun to wash a blanket in the crystal water.

He had spoken to her there before, when she performed such tasks. Like him, she was the slave and servant of all the Indians there, and this blanket washing, though they cared little enough for cleanliness, was one of the things she had to do. It was because they were bound in a common slavery that they had drawn together, and when opportunity offered had talked together, so far as their language limitations permitted.

"The white man saw the quarrel," said the girl, looking into the water. "When the fight comes between the San Carlos and the White Mountains, the white man will be killed, and I will be carried away by the victors."

It is not pretended that the half-breed spoke exactly these words in clear English. She used Tonto words and English words so changed they were hard to recognize as such, and Indian signs, moving her hands in the sign language above the blanket as she dropped it back into the water.

Studying her attitude and gestures, and getting such words as he could, Tom Kennedy caught her meaning fairly well.

When he replied he used English, and the few Tonto words he knew, and eked out the deficiency with signs, though he was no master of that branch of Indian learning.

Still, they got on fairly well.

The girl declared her belief that no hope of help could be expected. The white men in pursuit, spoken of by the stutterer on previous occasions, she had small faith in; and in the pony soldiers she had none. There was a young Indian, she said, with Pa-e-has-ka's party, with whom she was acquainted, and if he could get near he might accomplish something. But the white man remembered the trail which had brought them there; how it had crossed leagues of lava, and other leagues of shifting sand. Not even an Indian could follow it, to say nothing of a white man; so she did not expect aid even from the young Piute who was with Pa-e-has-ka's party, and was her friend.

And now this trouble had come. She was the captive of the Apache Kid. He had made her his slave, and was soon to make her his wife; that he had told her. And Floating Feather had begun to show her attentions.

She did not care for that—she was willing they should fight it out, and if both were killed her eyes would not turn to fountains of weeping; instead, she would rejoice.

But the prospect of being the lifelong slave of either was appalling.

So she had a plan, and as she dipped and rinsed at the blanket she tried to unfold it for the white man's consideration, because she needed his help.

There would be a fight soon between Floating Feather and Running Wind. When it came the San Carlos would back their chief, and the White Mountains could be expected to support their leader. Though outnumbered, the White Mountains had the Apache Kid, and he alone was worth a dozen ordinary Indians, so the result of that conflict when it came could not be forecasted. Perhaps, in spite of his many foes, the Kid would win.

But while that fight was in progress would come the opportunity for the prisoners. The girl would snatch up rifles and cartridge belts, knives, and a bundle of food, with a bottle of water. With them she would get into the hills behind the lodges.

As the white man was burdened with the great stone which all the while he was forced to carry, he could not be expected to bring away arms and food; she would bring enough for both.

Out in the hills, if the plan succeeded, they would beat to pieces the stone which was tied to his leg; then they would hide, if the time was day, and wait for the night; if the time was night, they would shape a course by the stars.

They would travel far and fast, and before morning they would be so far on their way that they could not be overtaken. Besides, the Apaches would be afraid to

pursue far, lest they should run into the pony soldiers, or into Pa-e-has-ka's party.

With broken words, and with signs, the girl outlined this as briefly as she could, while she scrubbed and dipped the blanket.

A part of the time she seemed to be singing, or crooning, but even then she was speaking for the white man's benefit.

Kennedy was sparing in what he said, but he let her know that he comprehended, and was ready for any attempt that promised the least chance of escape.

In truth, his position had made him desperate.

CHAPTER IX.

PAWNEE BILL'S DISGUISE.

The deft fingers of Little Cayuse mixed the pigments, taken from the paint box of the dead medicine man, and applied them skillfully to the face and hands of Pawnee Bill. He had the face of the dead medicine man before him from which to copy the lines and the coloring. One of the sorcerer's facial adornments had been a broad stripe of white across the bridge of his nose, joined to upward twists of green, which began where the white line ended and spread out in fan shapes over the cheek bones. On the conjurer's hands were triangles of white bordered with green, each triangle with a yellow dot in its center.

"You're some han'some ter look at," said Nomad, commenting as the paint was applied. "Meet up with a on-suspectin' traveler anywhar, an' ye'd plumb skeer him out of a y'ar's growth; I'm gittin' ther shivers myself, jest standin' hyar."

"The beauty of the undersigned, when Little Cayuse gets through," responded Pawnee, "will be something to talk about, I know; but right now, while we're getting ready, I'd rather talk about our plans. Are you sure you've got those Indian caballos located where you can put your hands on them, no matter how dark it is?"

"Right down ter ther fineness of a gnat's heel, we has," Nomad boasted. "Me an' Little Cayuse didn't crawl on our bellies the endurin' afternoon fer nothin'. As I told Buffler, et's ther cutest hole ye ever saw fer a corral; a natcheral corral et is, backed into ther rock wall, with a stone fence hoss-high slung acrost ther front of et, whar et opens inter ther valley. Right in ther middle of the fence is a gate, er a hole, with long poles set in and twistificated acrost et fer bars. Ther caballos cain't git out, an' et would trouble wolves ter git in."

"I should think, too," said Pawnee Bill, "it would trouble a man, at night."

"Ef he hadn't figgered et all out beforehand, he couldn't do et. But we has et figgered out. Thar's a sort of key-

pole, as ye may say, holdin' all ther poles tergether; break thet, er cut et, and the thing would tumble.

"When you begin ter slam away on ther medicine drum up thar in ther village, I'm goin' to give Little Cayuse a h'ist thet will sling him over inter ther corral, and then I'll hack away ther key-pole, while he's gittin' behind the ponies.

"Soon as the contraption of poles goes down, ther Piute is goin' ter deliver hisself of some Piute or Tonto war whoops thet he has been savin' fer ther 'casion, and he'll wave his blanket, and maybe shoot off his pistols. Jest then I'll jine in ther ruction. An' ef them Apache ponies don't go out er thet corral like bullets out of a shotgun this hyar ol' horned toad is guessin' fer a wrong jump."

"Ai," said Little Cayuse, who had been working away in silence.

"Ther rest of ye," said Nomad, who liked to hear himself talk, "will be engagin' in high jinks, down among ther tepees. You'll be in ther medicine lodge slammin' et ter ther drum—ef ye gits thar; an' Cody an' the others, after makin' a snoop round, will be ready ter jump inter ther scrimmage soon's they think ther time has come.

"When the Apaches hears ther yellin 'an' shootin' an' 'specially when they knows their caballos has been stampeded, et ought to throw a fright into 'em that's wicked. Yit I has seen plans as cute as this b'usted inter a hundred pieces before they war fair started.

"Buffler is goin' ter git ther Kid this time—so he plans. An' gin'rally he does whatever he plans."

Little Cayuse held up the tiny looking-glass that had been with the belongings of the medicine man, and Pawnee Bill took a look at himself in the fast-fading light.

"I'm a fright," he said humorously.

"Well, ye shore ain't no beauty," Nomad grunted. "Hold up thet swingin' wolf paw acrost yer face, ter hide thet mustache, and you'll do. Ef you're goin' ter play show actor an' Injun detective very much, ye'd ort ter shave thet off."

Little Cayuse regarded his work with deep satisfaction.

"Mucho fine," he said. "Pawnee all same big medicine man now. Ugh!"

But he was not satisfied until he had brought out of his war bag the dried hoof of a mustang, which he regarded as a charm beyond all others for merit.

"Make um Pawnee heap more safe," he explained.

Rapidly he rubbed the hoof over the shoulders, arms, and body of the disguised scout. Pawnee Bill remained silent, and permitted it.

"Mucho fine medicine hoof," said the Piute. "Bullet no can git um, knife no can git um, other thing no can git um now. How Pawnee like?"

"Great."

"Make mucho strong, eh?"

"I feel like Samson, and Hercules, and John L. Sullivan rolled into one; I could fight a tribe of wild cats with my eyes shut and both hands tied behind my back."

"Pawnee heap brave," said the Piute gravely.

Then he stood back and surveyed his work.

What he saw was a counterpart of the medicine man, as he had appeared in life. Pawnee Bill wore the medicine man's clothing, his headband, eagle feather, moccasins, and blanket. On top of his head was the head of the wolf, forming a cap; round his neck the forelegs of the wolf were drawn, like the ends of a comforter, and pinned there with a thorn skewer. The wolfskin had been stretched at the neck, and this was drawn down, concealing the sides of the face. When the blanket was held up, the mustache was concealed; so that all that remained visible was the broad stripe of white paint, with a little of the green, and the shining eyes that looked out under the cap.

Casting the wolf robe from his shoulders, when satisfied that his make-up would pass inspection, when favored by darkness, Pawnee Bill sat down with Nomad and Little Cayuse to await the coming of the other members of the party, who had gone out to survey the valley from that point as well as they could.

They returned soon—Buffalo Bill, the baron, and the Tonto warrior.

"I haf valked mein feedt off, dhis afdernoon, to git me py dhis blace in," the baron grumbled; "unt now I am to valk dhem off dwo dimes, to giddt me roundt py der hint side oof der Inchuns. Budt idt iss all righdt. Oof idt vill hellup dot Sduttering Tom, unt he iss alife yidt, I am habby to do idt."

"Ye cain't never," said Nomad, "fergit ther time he helped you."

"Idt iss der troot'," the baron admitted.

They had their supper there, a meal limited to strict necessities, for they had nothing else; then they sat and talked, while the darkness thickened round them.

At eight o'clock Buffalo Bill started off with all the party except Pawnee Bill, who remained behind, still smoking cigars and ruminating on the desperate chances he had selected.

Nomad and the Piute were to be dropped off at the rocky spot they called the corral, and there they were to creep down, and be ready when Pawnee's signal sounded.

From time to time Pawnee looked at his watch, striking a match under cover of his Stetson to do so. But when he was ready to start, an hour after the departure of the others, he left the watch, the Stetson, and everything but a revolver, a knife, and the Indian clothing he wore, in a hiding place previously chosen.

Stars were shining when the daring scout swung down over the rim of the valley, planted his moccasins on the slippery path, and began to make his way silently downward.

The study he had given the place during the afternoon came into play now; so that in spite of the darkness and the difficulties he made progress.

It required two hours of good walking down the valley, through the night, to bring him in sight of the one fire displayed by the Apaches. From the rim of the valley this fire could not be seen; and as it was fed with dried roots of mesquite, no smoke ascended from it as a signal to foes.

Within a hundred yards of the small fire Pawnee Bill stopped and ran his eyes over the lodges which it revealed.

He readily picked out the lodge of the medicine man, by its size and by the articles on the tripod of poles in front of it.

Creeping still farther in, he waited half an hour, to make sure that his friends would be in their selected positions, and during that time he accustomed his eyes to the dim light, and looked the lodges over thoroughly.

"The one on the right is the lodge of a chief," he concluded, "for there is his shield at the entrance. The medicine lodge is dead ahead. Off there is a lodge by itself; perhaps a prison lodge, though it ought to be closer in, to be watched easily. If I wasn't afraid of being seen doing the crawling act I'd investigate that lodge; but it wouldn't do for the medicine man to be caught at such folly; the Indians would think he had lost his mind."

Finally the brave fellow rose up boldly, and stepped toward the lodges. When within a dozen steps he stopped, drew up the medicine rattle swinging at his side, and shook it. The sound produced was like that of beans clattering round in a dried gourd.

The lodges responded by vomiting forth a dozen staring braves. Among them was Floating Feather, at the lodge entrance where Pawnee had noted the shield of a chief.

Dropping the rattle, the pseudo medicine man caught up his weasel-skin medicine bag, which he held before him as he advanced. He had chosen to make his rôle as little difficult as he could; so he did not speak as he passed by the warriors, nor did he look at them; but he weaved his body heavily, feigning weakness, to show that his seance with the spirits had been a trying one, and he was nearly exhausted.

The staring braves grunted sympathetically, and drew back with respect as he passed along on his way to the big lodge he had picked out as the one to enter.

Before the high tripod there he stopped, and held up the medicine bag; then he took down the shield, the pipe-stone pipe, and the other things, and carried them within.

The medicine man had returned, and was at home.

The Indians did not follow to the entrance of the lodge, but congregated not far off. He heard them talking excitedly, in the intervals when he was not rattling the gourd.

Fortunately for Pawnee's plans and safety, though a medicine man does certain well-known things, he can at times be as eccentric as he likes. So when he took from the medicine pouch which hung on the lodge wall a brown, powdery substance, which he recognized as the fuel for a kind of incense, and, putting it in a copper tray he found, stuck a lighted match to it, he did not fear angry criticism or interference.

The smoke rose up in thick folds, with a pungent and aromatic odor. When it had filled the lodge with an obscuring haze which he counted on to aid him, Pawnee Bill stepped to the door, where he stood weaving in pretended faintness.

He saw that the Apache Kid had joined the Indians outside. He saw another thing, which he was quick to note and turn to account. The young chief he had before observed flung a wicked and vengeful look at the Apache Kid.

"Bad blood here," concluded Pawnee. "And both are chiefs. Perhaps they have been disputing as to which has the greater authority, for there can't be two in command in a place like this. Well, I'd bet on the Kid winning out."

Then the thought flashed on him that it was more likely they had been quarreling over the half-breed Tonto girl.

"Yes, that's it," he muttered. "Jealousy is the root of all evil, when it isn't the love of money. Here are two Indians who probably both want the same woman. I wonder how I can use that—if it is a fact?"

For a full minute he stood looking out at the Indians. In that brief time, though, he had made up his mind.

"You!" he said, using the San Carlos dialect, for the dead medicine man had been a San Carlos Apache. And he indicated both the Kid and the young chief.

Stepping back, he motioned to them to enter the medicine lodge.

They hesitated, because it was an uncanny place, but they obeyed, and left the other Indians muttering behind.

Entering into the thick smoke from the stuff that burned on the brass tray, the rival redskins dropped down on the roll of skins which the pretended medicine man indicated to them.

He sat down on another, facing them, where the thick smoke helped to obscure him.

Then he began in a mumbling voice, slurring his words as a further disguise, as he told them the spirits had been angry, and had given him so hard a time that his strength was gone, and he could hardly talk.

"It was about the prisoners," he mumbled. "I have been gone long. Tell me about the prisoners, so that I may know if I understood the spirits aright. Sometimes it is hard to understand the spirits; then it wears me out, as now."

The Apache Kid stared and was silent. But Floating

Feather began to answer. The prisoners were all right, he said; both the white man and the Tonto maiden.

"But was there trouble?" asked the false medicine man, seeking information.

Floating Feather glanced at the Apache Kid.

The painted face of the medicine man, half concealed by the wolfskin, turned toward the Kid.

"There was trouble," said the Kid, using the San Carlos. "But I did not begin it."

"The spirits said there was trouble, and because of it I had little success. What was it about?"

"I did not begin it," the Kid declared again.

"It was about the Tonto," confessed Floating Feather.

Pawnee Bill began to feel sure ground under his feet.

"It was not about the white man?"

"No," said Floating Feather.

"This is the will of the spirits, but it puzzled me; now I can understand why they were angry, and would often not speak to me even when I prayed longest. They are offended because the white man and the Tonto are here in our midst."

He made passes with the medicine bag to ward off the evil effects of the anger of the offended spirits, and shook the rattle for the same purpose.

"To-morrow," he mumbled, swaying with apparent weakness, as if he could hardly hold himself in a sitting position, "the lodges of the prisoners must be taken out of the midst of the others, and planted afar off. It would be well if the prisoners were freed, but perhaps the spirits will not demand that. But to-night the prisoners themselves must be taken out, bound, and placed on the sloping ground beyond, a hundred yards away."

He had passed over that sloping ground.

"Was there a message of the pony soldiers, and of the men who follow Pa-e-has-ka?" asked Floating Feather.

"I saw the pony soldiers dimly, and Pa-e-has-ka not at all. Pa-e-has-ka will be bewildered and led astray by the spirits, and the pony soldiers will not come near if the will of the spirits is obeyed."

He swung the medicine bag and again shook the rattle. And as the powder was failing in the brass tray, he poured in more, and thickened the smoke.

"Now I must be left for awhile," he said. "Again I consult the spirits, and shall tell them that the prisoners will be taken from the lodges. It will be done?"

Floating Feather answered that it would be done at once. The Apache Kid was silent.

The pseudo medicine man waved to them to depart, and they arose and went out of the lodge.

Listening and watching while he pretended to be consulting the spirits, Pawnee Bill heard his instructions being carried out. The girl went silently, without protest, and he saw her as she passed the fire, led by a war-

rior. A moment later Stuttering Tom passed along the same way, carrying the stone clog in his hands.

Pawnee Bill began to walk slowly round and round in the hazy smoke. At intervals he thumped the rattle and shook the medicine bag. By and by, as if his spirits had been roused, he caught from the wall the medicine man's drum, made of a gourd over which sheepskin had been stretched. It had shells and brass pieces fastened round the sides, and was to be struck with the fingers and shaken like a tambourine.

Dancing solemnly in the blue haze, Pawnee Bill began to beat the drum.

CHAPTER X.

THE ATTACK OF THE APACHE KID.

An Indian yell of rage broke in on the drum beating, and a painted figure that had darkened the entrance came leaping with wild-cat jumps upon the pretended medicine man.

It was the Apache Kid.

Keener of understanding, more penetrating of eye, and with a finer sense of hearing than any of his Apache followers, the Kid had not been satisfied with the appearance of the medicine man.

He had left the medicine lodge puzzled. At first he had been filled with an Indian's superstitious wonder, at the effect the anger of the spirits on the San Carlos sorcerer, and had been ready to accept the apparent weakness and the mumbled words as the outward manifestations of the severity of the inward struggle.

But as he sat, watching and listening, speaking little himself, his wonder passed into suspicion. But he thought if the medicine man was being impersonated, the impersonator was an Indian.

The consequences of a mistake were so terrible to contemplate that he withheld any expression of his growing distrust, for not only would the medicine man have been angered beyond all bounds, but the spirits would also have been angered.

Troubled by his suspicions, the Apache Kid, after departing from the lodge, came back to it, and stood just without the entrance, where he could look through the haze and behold the pretended wonder-worker.

It may be that Pawnee, feeling himself to be alone, dropped some of his caution; at any rate, the keen-eyed watcher decided that the walk of the wolf-robed figure was not the walk of a San Carlos.

Then he came to the conclusion that the walk was undoubtedly that of a white man. Generations of tiptoeing, stealthy hunters had bred a race that tiptoes with toes turned inward, the foot being placed on the ground softly,

in a manner quite distinct from the straightforward, almost stamping tread of the white man.

From the feet the Apache Kid turned to the arms that swung the medicine rattle; then he studied the shoulders and the set of the body. He had known the San Carlos sorcerer reasonably well. It seemed to him that the man in the wolf robe, shaking the medicine rattle and poking at the air with the fetiched medicine bag, had stronger arms and thicker shoulders than the San Carlos.

Then the truth flashed on him like a beam of sunlight shot from behind a dark cloud, and he knew that the dancer he watched was none other than Pawnee Bill, whom he had seen and studied.

If his flaming rage had not got the better of his discretion the Apache Kid might have accomplished something now worth his while; he might have communicated his discovery to his Apache followers, and through a concerted attack made sure of the death of his great foe.

Instead, the animal-like instinct of furious rage made him dash into the lodge with lifted hatchet and Indian yell, and rush upon the pretended medicine man, with the intention of braining him.

But, quick as he was, the Apache Kid was not quick enough to catch Pawnee Bill napping. The Kid shot his hatchet at Pawnee's head as the scout turned, but a swing of the head avoided it, and the weapon went through the lodge skin behind.

A knife leaped into the Kid's hand as the hatchet left it, and he sprang, slashing, at the scout's breast. But a sweep of the arm knocked the knife aside, and the next instant the Indian and the white man went down on the floor of the medicine lodge, locked together and fighting furiously.

The Kid yelled again as he struck the floor, and tried to drive his knife into Pawnee's body. The scout turned the knife aside, but the point raked his skin and ripped open the wolf robe and his clothing.

With a flint he turned the Apache, and came rolling up on top; then his muscular hand got in its work on the Kid's throat. But the Kid still struggled furiously, though hampered by a weak arm that had received a leaden slug in it not more than six weeks before. Threshing his legs about, he tried to pull the scout's legs round with them, and turn him; but the pressure on his windpipe was weakening him. His breathing changed from a wheeze to a gurgle; then suddenly his straining body relaxed into a limp heap.

The wolf robe had been pulled from Pawnee's shoulders in the fierce combat; but he pulled it back and adjusted the headpiece, thus concealing his hair by the time this was needed.

The noise of the fight had reached the Indians squatting and talking by the dead camp fire, and several of them had come to the lodge opening, and now looked in.

To their amazement they saw the supposed medicine man binding the Apache Kid. He was using the sorcerer's rope of horsehair, a very sacred thing, which nightly the medicine man drew round him in a circle, to guard against witchery and evil spirits while he slept. That he was binding the Apache Kid with it was very bad medicine—for the Kid.

Fortunately, these peering and excited redskins were San Carlos, and friends of the San Carlos sorcerer, who believed he was wise above all men, and could do no wrong.

But the White Mountain Apache followers of the Apache Kid, joining the group now, raised a howl of indignation. One of them swept the lodge skin aside, and would have invaded the sacred place with drawn hatchet, but a San Carlos brave caught him and threw him back.

Then a fight took place at the entrance between the White Mountain and the San Carlos Apaches.

Pawnee Bill stood up, with headpiece adjusted and wolf robe over his shoulders, flung a look at the unconscious Kid; then stooped, and, as a precautionary measure, ran a loop of the horsehair rope between the Kid's jaws, and fastened it there as a gag. After that he caught up the medicine drum.

He was breathing heavily, for though brief, the struggle with the Kid had been of a character to try his strength. He wondered if any others suspected him. Anyway, delays were dangerous.

So he struck the drum, pounding it furiously; for this was the time, while confusion reigned, for his friends to put through their several plans. That it might be heard clearly he stepped to the entrance, where the Indians were clawing at each other, and there sent the drumbeats rumbling through the valley and along the hills.

A yell broke through the turmoil, penetrating as a bugle note, shrill and wild as the scream of a panther—the war cry of old Nick Nomad. It came from the corral. Following it a rifle cracked there; then came more yells, and a sudden thunder and pounding of many hoofs.

The corraled ponies were being released from their pen and stampeded.

The yells, the report of the rifle, and the noise of the pony stampede stopped the fighting before the medicine lodge. Some of the Indians began to run in the direction of the corral; others turned toward the lodge, as if for instructions from the medicine man.

He waved the gourd rattle, shook it in their faces, and pointed into the valley. The San Carlos raced away obediently, but the White Mountain Indians remained, staring stolidly at him, when they were not looking past him through the blue haze at the bound form of their leader.

Pawnee recognized them as White Mountains by the peculiarity of their paint and feathers, as well as by little differences of moccasins and clothing, which distinguished them from the San Carlos. So he understood.

For a moment he hesitated within the lodge entrance. The stampede was in full swing, but he had heard nothing of the other members of Cody's party. Glancing at the Apache Kid he saw that he was still unconscious.

Assured that the Kid would not come out of it for a minute or two, and that for a time afterward he would probably be too bewildered to do much, Pawnee Bill waved back the White Mountain Apaches with the weasel-skin medicine bag, and stepped forth.

Before he had taken three steps, the White Mountain Indians had entered the lodge, disregarding its sacred character, and had rushed to their prostrate chief.

CHAPTER XI.

LITTLE CAYUSE DISOBEYS ORDERS.

Little Cayuse seldom disobeyed an order. When he did, he fancied he had ample justification. In this instance he disobeyed, and his fancied justification was the peril of the black-eyed Tonto half-breed.

He proceeded to the corral with old Nomad, to stampede the Apache ponies. Then thoughts of the girl whose black eyes had caught his vagrant and temporary affection tempted him from the task assigned.

Crouching with the old borderman, he listened at the corral gate, for sounds from the lodges and the beat of the medicine drum. The summons of Pawnee Bill seemed slow in coming.

"Pawnee all same have mucho trouble," said the Piute. "Waugh!" the trapper grumbled. "He ain't got thar pronto, but he's all right. Don't ye worrit about thet, son. When any ombray, red er white, gits ahead o' Pawnee, he's got ter git out o' bed thet day before yisterday. You hear me!"

The Piute twisted uneasily, and thought of the girl. Finally he drew the mustang hoof out of his war bag, and began to rub it over his body.

"What ye doin'?" Nomad grunted. "Tryin' ter throw er fit inter ther Injun caballos?"

"Make um big medicine for Pawnee," returned the Piute.

"Fer yerself, ye mean. Better chuck thet mustang hoof out er sight, an' git yer blanket handy ter flirt at ther caballos; you'll hear thet drum boomin' soon, ef so be nothin' has gone wrong."

"Little Cayuse all same hear somethin'," said the Piute. "Whar?"

The Piute had begun to crawl away, heading out toward the valley.

"Hyar; you come back pronto," Nomad shot at him in a high whisper. "This corral gate has got ter come down in er minute er so, an' I'm goin' ter need ye."

"Little Cayuse all same hear somethin'," came back in a whisper, as, serpentlike, the Piute slid on.

The something the crafty Piute heard rang only in his heart, for it was the call of the Tonto girl. Peril would soon be so thick about the Apache lodges that one could hardly miss it, and the girl would need him; so he was going to her.

Disregarding the fuming commands which Nomad sent after him, the Piute rose to his feet as soon as he was well out in the valley, and, dropping into a soft-footed Indian lope, he headed for the lodges.

Before he got to them he heard the thumping of the medicine drum, and the yells and rifle shots of old Nomad, with the thundering hoofbeats of the scared ponies. It quickened his footsteps.

Drawing near the lodges, he discovered that confusion reigned. Pattering moccasins sounded. The Apaches were apparently frightened, and scattering.

An Indian form brushed by him, and with swinging leaps climbed a low slope. A scream rose, in the voice of

the girl, in the darkness into which the running Indian had disappeared.

The Piute pivoted round and shot away in pursuit. Then the scream rose again, and once more he heard the Indian running, but his steps seemed heavy, as if he bore a burden.

The situation cleared, in the Piute's mind. The Apaches had discovered that the white men were about to attack, and had scattered; and the Apache Kid was carrying off the Tonto.

"Little Cayuse just in time," he thought, dropping hand to hatchet as he raced on.

He called to the girl, using her name.

The pattering moccasins ahead of him stopped.

"All same Little Cayuse," he called; he could manage English better than Tonto, so he used it. "Little Cayuse here."

He, too, had stopped, and now stood bent forward, listening. He thought he heard a gurgle, as if the girl tried to speak, and a rough hand over her mouth prevented. The Piute jumped forward like a wild cat.

A shout came from a near-by cliff, in the voice of Buffalo Bill, who had reached that point with the baron and the Tonto warrior, and were hurrying to the aid of Pawnee.

It stopped the wild rush of the Piute, though it was not meant for him; and perhaps it saved his life, for Floating Feather, the Indian awaiting stealthily in the darkness, was scared by it, and swung round, to run in a new direction.

It was Floating Feather, the young San Carlos chief, who in the moment of confusion had rushed to the point where the Tonto girl lay bound and helpless by the side of Stuttering Tom, and, catching her up in his arms, had tried to carry her off.

As he turned and dashed off in his new course, with the frightened Tonto girl struggling in his arms, she pushed aside his heavy hand and uttered another scream.

"Ai!" the Piute yelled, following. "Little Cayuse, him coming pronto!"

He reviled the supposed Apache Kid, wasting his breath and his time thereby. His hatchet was in his hand, ready for a throw, but though he heard the laboring Apache directly ahead of him, he feared to hurl it lest it should strike the girl.

Again Floating Feather stopped, hoping the confusion which now boiled round the Indian lodges would keep the pursuing Piute from noticing it, and he would come on.

But the Piute stopped, too.

For a full minute the two Indians stood in the darkness, separated by less than ten yards, each staring through the gloom in the direction of the other.

Distinctly the Piute heard the heavy breathing which Floating Feather tried in vain to suppress, and heard also the struggles of the girl trying to free herself. But he did not again dash in. Though torn by anxiety and rage, his native cunning and caution had returned. What good would it do if he dashed upon the supposed Apache Kid, and in so doing received the Kid's hatchet in his brain? The girl would have no champion then.

When he heard the Apache go on stealthily the Piute followed once more. If he kept close an opportunity to strike without injuring the girl might come; and, anyway, he knew the Apache could not carry the girl far. Plump

as a partridge, she was no lightweight, and her struggles to release herself were exhausting the chief who carried her.

But Floating Feather held on for a good half mile, when he turned sharply to the cliffs on his right, where by a rough path the top of the cliffs could be gained. For some minutes he had not heard his pursuer, though he did not imagine he had shaken him off; but he knew that he must rest before attacking the heavy climb.

So he placed the girl on the ground. The cords on her hands and feet rendered her helpless. Then he stood by the cliff and waited.

But the Piute, Buffalo Bill's crack tracker, was not far off. He was bringing his cunning into play. Though moving as swiftly as the Indian he pursued, for more than ten minutes his advance had been noiseless. And when once more Floating Feather stopped, the Piute did the same.

He was lighter than Floating Feather, and more agile, and he had borne no burden; so he was not in the least winded.

But when he bent his head to listen, he did not hear the breathing of the Apache. Floating Feather had suppressed the sound of it, with an effort. But the Tonto girl was alive to the situation. She called out to the Piute, warning him of danger.

Floating Feather gripped tighter the handle of his hatchet, but he did not move.

"By the rock here," she called in Tonto. "He is waiting for you by the rock."

She had an ear pressed to the ground, and listened for sounds of the Piute's advance. In that position she could hear better than the Apache. But for a time she heard nothing. Then a sliding footfall came to her, not far off, faint as the dropping rustle of a leaf. She knew the Piute was creeping upon the young chief.

"By the rock," she warned again. "He is by the rock!"

She thought she saw the Apache stoop toward her, and she expected his knife, for she had done a thing calculated to rouse him to fury. Startled, she rolled over, and, finding that the shelf of rock fell away sharply, she gave her body another whirl.

Floating Feather took a step to follow her. Then out of the darkness a lithe form shot at him, and he saw the flash of the Piute's knife as it glinted back the faint starlight.

The young chief's hatchet swung at the Piute's head, but it overstruck; the keen blade missed, and the haft beat on the Piute's feathered crown. He had only time to beat aside the Piute's knife and clutch at his throat.

Down upon the rocks went the two young Indians, fighting like wild cats. Hearing them threshing about, the girl wanted to scream again; but she thought moccasin steps sounded out in the valley, and she lay quiet, trembling.

For five minutes the furious fighting went on; then one of the dark forms arose. She did not know which of the two men it was, and she trembled.

The dimly seen figure stepped toward her. Then a familiar voice whispered her name.

"It is Little Cayuse," she said, her words shaking.

"Ai."

"He is dead?"

"Ai. Apache Kid is dead."

"It was Floating Feather," she said.

"Wuh!" gasped the Piute.

"It was Floating Feather, the young San Carlos chief, and he was trying to carry me off, so that Running Wind could not have me."

"Wuh!"

"You understand," she said, still speaking in Tonto, "it was Floating Feather, and he was carrying me off—because he loved me."

The Tonto girl was a good deal of a coquette, after all.

"Wuh!" ejaculated the Piute.

Then he went forward and ran his knife through the buckskin cords that held her.

"Wuh!" he grunted again, puzzled and ill at ease, as he helped her to her feet. "We go now and find Pa-e-has-ka!"

CHAPTER XII.

TOM KENNEDY'S ADVENTURES.

Stuttering Tom was having adventures of his own.

He had been carried out and placed on the slope beside the helpless Indian girl; and at the time he thought the opportunity for which he had longed had been waited to him.

His hands from the first had not been tied, and it was thought the chain on his leg and the heavy stone to which it was fastened prevented him from getting away. Once, and once only, he had tried to break the stone; and had received a rap over the head with a lodge pole that had knocked him senseless. And always he had been closely watched.

But because of haste or inattention the Apaches had apparently forgotten that his hands were not tied. He could not get the chain off his leg, but it occurred to him that he might untie the cords that bound the Tonto girl, and if they got off into the hills she would there help him break the stone, and perhaps they could escape.

But before he could accomplish anything the swift events of that memorable evening flowed over him. The beating of the medicine drum brought yells and a rifle shot, and a thunder of stampeding ponies, from a point down the valley, together with a general confusion. In the midst of it, and while he still tugged at the cords on the wrists of the girl, an Indian darted upon them, and, without giving him a glance, caught the girl up in his arms and made off with her.

Stuttering Tom fell back in amazed bewilderment. While he gasped his wonderment other Indians rushed by him. He did not know what was happening. And, of course, he had no hint which would lead him to suspect that the medicine man he had seen go into the big lodge was not what he pretended to be.

But in this confusion, when the Indian who had snatched up the girl had vanished with her, and Stuttering Tom seemed himself unnoticed and forgotten, it occurred to him that he was a fool if he did not try to escape.

So he rose softly, lifted the heavy stone, and hugged it in his arms, and turned toward the hills, recalling a spot which, when he had viewed it in the daytime, he had thought he could scale.

But Stuttering Tom was not forgotten.

One of the peremptory orders of the Apache Kid was that whenever an attack was made on him every prisoner he held must be instantly killed. It was one of the things which made him the Terrible Kid. So when, following the stampede of the ponies, Buffalo Bill's shout sounded on the rim of the near-by cliff, an Apache rushed out with a hatchet, to brain the prisoners.

The Tonto girl was gone, of course; and the place which Stuttering Tom had occupied was deserted, though he was not far off. The Apache heard him, as he labored to gain the slope he had selected, and chased after him, with a yell of rage.

That was warning enough for the stutterer. Knowing what it probably meant, and knowing, also, that he could not escape by running, he turned at bay, and stood in the darkness, with feet planted as firmly as he could get them, and the stone lifted in his hands. He could not pitch it far, because of the chain.

The next moment the pursuing Apache loomed before him, yelping like a wolf hound, and with hatchet uplifted. He saw the white man, launched the hatchet, and followed it with a panther leap.

The hatchet went over the head of Stuttering Tom, and the stone shot from his hands and smashed the Apache in the face. It was like the kick of a mule, and the Apache dropped.

"Kuk-killed him, I hope!" gasped the stutterer.

The Indian's Roman nose had flattened out like an African's, and a stream of blood shot from it; but he had not been killed. Dazed, he lifted himself, drew his knife, and tried to stagger to his feet.

"You w-will have it?" Stuttering Tom roared, and swung the stone again.

Missing the Apache, it jerked Stuttering Tom from his feet as it shot on, and the next moment he was on the rock, scrambling to get out of reach of the infuriated redskin.

Fortunately for his chances, the Apache had been so seriously hurt that he was a poor antagonist. He struck at the prisoner as the latter rolled on the ground, and fell in doing so.

Then a happy thought struck the stutterer. He had fallen on the stone, so, instead of trying to rise, he clutched it to his breast, and went rolling downward.

The slope was steep, and he whirled like a revolving log. At the bottom he tried to stop, but his momentum was so great that he was shot from the rock down into the grassy edge of the verdure-clad valley.

He had heard a fury of sound, to which in the past few moments he had given no attention, though he believed that the Apache camp had been attacked in the darkness by Buffalo Bill's party.

Right ahead of him, as he struck the grass, and twisted round to stop his flight, he struck against the legs of a man; the man went down as if catapulted, and Stuttering Tom rolled over him.

For a moment after that neither Stuttering Tom nor the man spoke.

"Well, I guess I kuk-killed him, anyhow," Stuttering Tom breathed at last. "He lul-lays quiet enough!"

The silent figure in the grass gave a quick flounce.

"Thet you, Tut-Tommy?"

"Nomad!" said the other.

"Ther same; wi' a laig broke, an' an arm put out er j'int, an' other damiges various. How'd yer do et?"

"Was that you I hit, Nun-Nomad?"

"Suthin' hit me like a tun o' stun; and then you spoke; an' as you're in the prezact place whar ther thing lit, I'm gamblin' et war you. Tell me'erbout et; but fust erbout Buffler, and ther rookus in gin'ral. What's happened?"

Stuttering Tom climbed carefully to his knees.

"I dud-don't know what's happened," he confessed.

"Ye don't; wi' all this hyar yowlin' an' shootin'? Sounds like a dog-an'-cat fight, with all ther fringes."

"Cuc-Cody has attacked the 'Pache camp?"

"I bet he has. An' et's time fer me ter git inter ther game with him; so long's you can't help me, I got ter buffalo along best way I can. But you shore did bu'st me! You've seen a steam injine hit a cow? Waal, thet was me; an' you was the steam ingine."

He began to climb to his feet.

"Kin I help ye?" he asked. "I reckon you war runnin' away from ther 'Paches? The lodges an' ther fightin' is right off thar, from ther sound."

"I'm chained to a big stone; but I don't s'pose you can break it; if you cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc——"

"Ain't got no time to cuckoo now, Tut-Tommy. You jest hide out, an' while you're thinkin' o' what et war ye wanted ter say, I'll slide on and see ef I cain't help Buffler."

He slid on, through the darkness, and Stuttering Tom was left alone again.

"I r-r-reckon that is good advice," he said. "I can't dud-do no runnin', with this stone chained to me, an' of course I can't git it off now. Cuc-Cody has attacked, and the Apaches aire skedaddling. From the shootin', I j-judge that s-s-somebody has been killed, too. Hope it's th-the Apaches."

Clutching the stone to his bosom, he rolled over and over, until he had put himself beyond what he considered the present danger zone. The awkward locomotion had tired him, and he lay silently in the grass, listening to the sounds.

He was near the bottom of the valley, at that point, and had strips of sky line to look out upon. So he could see the lodges, though not well, and he could see across the path which ran through the middle of the valley.

As he stared at the sky line there, with ear laid against the ground, he saw something that surprised him. The Tonto girl came running toward the lodges, her hand in the hand of a young Indian.

"Gug-great s-s-snakes," he whispered. "She is free; but he s-s-seems to be taking her back a prisoner."

Then he recognized the young Indian as Little Cayuse, the Piute.

A minute later Little Cayuse's war whoop sounded in front of the medicine lodge.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURED KID.

The White Mountain Apaches who had rushed into the medicine lodge to the relief of the Apache Kid found themselves hampered by the fact that he was unconscious. They stripped the lariat off his legs and the gag out of his mouth, and carried him outside.

In a furious rage against the supposed San Carlos medicine man, they looked about for him. His drum was sounding on the edge of the cluster of lodges. But their desire to rush upon him was held in check by two things: their fear of him as a medicine man, who might cast maddening spells on them, and the pony stampede, with the yells and the rifle shot which had preceded and accompanied it.

The San Carlos were falling into a state of distraction and fear. Their medicine man had gone crazy; for whoever knew of a San Carlos medicine man leaving his medicine lodge and hammering his drum on the edge of the village, and refusing to speak to them when they ventured to ask a question? Besides, he had inexplicably attacked and overthrown Running Wind, leader of the White Mountains, who lay now as one dead in front of the medicine lodge. Surely the spirits he so often supplicated had bewitched the medicine man, and he was crazy.

But worse things happened, and their confusion deepened into a panic of fright. The stampede was the work of white men, which meant pony soldiers, or the more dreaded Pa-e-has-ka. Then yells on the very rim of the cliff at one side of the lodge cluster showed that the white men were there also.

The white men came leaping down, right into their midst, shooting and screeching. The Tonto girl was screaming in the darkness. And the San Carlos medicine man himself, bewitched beyond all understanding, had stopped the thumping of his drum, and was attacking his own followers.

When one of the White Mountain Apaches lifted Running Wind, who was still unconscious, and tried to bear him away, a bullet from a white man's rifle dropped the White Mountain before the lodge. Then some of the San Carlos, who had backed to the lodges, and had begun to shoot at the invading white men, began to fall in the same way.

The remaining White Mountain Apache by the lodge leaped off and escaped the bullets sent after him. And the San Carlos, deserted by their young chief, Floating Feather, who had vanished mysteriously right at the time he was most needed, lost heart and courage, and those not slain broke into wild flight.

The fight in the end of the valley was over in a time much shorter than has been occupied in writing about it, and the various incidents connected with it.

The Apache Kid came out of his senseless condition too late to take part in it, and found himself confronted with a revolver in the hands of the pretended medicine man, who sat before him, while the baron wound a coil of rope round the Kid's legs and body.

"Ach!" the baron was sputtering. "He iss vaking himself oop already yedt. He iss no longker inkinscious, so-o petter you look a liddle oudt. Unt here goes anodder nooses, dhis dime roundt his necks. Yaw! I pedt you he iss going to pe hung before he dies."

"Waugh!" Nomad grunted. "He shore desarves et."

The Apache Kid stared hard at the painted face of Pawnee Bill, by the light of a new camp fire.

"You didn't fool me," he said. "I know you!"

"You're a smart boy, Kid," said Pawnee, "but you'd have been a heap smarter if you hadn't tried to organize a plunderbund. You know white men, and you ought to have known that you couldn't keep it up and not get caught at last."

The Apache Kid's defective eye fluttered scornfully.

"I haven't been hanged yet," he said. "And if you hadn't killed the medicine man and stole his clothing, and played crooked, I wouldn't even be your prisoner."

"That's the way you look at it, eh?" said Pawnee. "Well, we didn't kill the medicine man; we found him dead, after he had been killed by a Maricopa; but we used his clothing, and other things. If that gives you any satisfaction, you're welcome to it."

The Apache Kid looked at the girl, who had been brought up to the camp fire by Little Cayuse.

"Where is the other prisoner?" he said.

He had not yet observed Stuttering Tom, who had been freed of his leg chain and the heavy stone weight.

Stuttering Tom attempted to answer for himself, and made a hissing mess of it:

"S-s-s-s-s—"

"The hiss of a snake becomes you!" the Kid shot at him.

Ignorance straightened the stutterer's tongue.

"Sitting here, I am, is what I meant to say; and I'll be sitting with friends, in peace, when you're on your way to the Yuma penitentiary, or the gallus."

"Bah!" sneered the Apache Kid. "Save your breath, if you think you can scare me."

Later, when offered food, he ate it with apparently as much unconcern as if he did not foresee the probable fate in store for him. And that night he stretched out on the rocks where for a few days he had lorded it, and slept as soundly as any one there. And in the days that followed the callousness of the Apache Kid became noted.

The next morning Buffalo Bill's party struck camp and moved in the direction of the Teton Peaks, taking their prisoner and the Tonto half-breed. They took, also, as much of the supplies stolen from Jasper's wagons as they could well carry, and as many of Jasper's stolen ponies as they could capture.

A week afterward they were at Teton Peaks. Less than a week after that the Apache Kid, having been given a trial, was on his way to the Yuma penitentiary. The fact that he was an Indian had been urged in his behalf, and had saved him from a hanging.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIAN JOLLIFICATION.

Down on the plains by the Willow Springs, where the Tontos had camped and Little Cayuse had enjoyed their hospitality, rejoicing Indians gathered from far and near. Tontos had come by scores, all mounted and in their finest feathers, though many of them were scouts of the pony soldiers. And there were white men besides, dozens of them.

The occasion of this gathering was the restoration of the Tonto girl to her people, and the capture of the Apache Kid, who had struck at Tontos as well as at the white people he so hated.

If there were Indians and white men there by the score, there were ponies by the hundreds. And every Indian owner of a string of ponies was confident that in his string was a caballo that could race the hoofs off any other that could be brought forward.

Little Cayuse entered Navi, his beautiful pinto, for the races; and even old Nomad, catching the racing spirit, backed old Hide-rack to capture ribbons, glory, and money.

The races lasted for two days; and there were so many incidental happenings and mishaps, favoring some of the animals that seemed to have the least chance, that even the baron's old mule, before the racing ended, wore a big blue ribbon bunched on his paint-brush tail, to testify to the fact that even he had won out.

It tickled the baron mightily.

"Yaw!" he said, as he waddled round, smoking his German pipe. "Ditn't I saidt it? When he vands to, dot mool can shake his feedt at any caballo vot efer valks."

"Thet's et," laughed Nomad. "You' said et; he can, mebbeso, when he wants to, but till now he never has wanted to; an' et was at a walk; you couldn't call thet runnin', baron. Ther caballo what run ag'inst him war plumb loeced."

"Idt iss nit so," the baron protested. "But Hite-rack—vot dit he do?"

"He won a race, by jupiter."

"Yoost so; I seen it. Budt pefore dot race he iss run I seen you oudt pehint der stables, baying feefty tollars to der Inchun vot iss owning der odder caballo, so dot Hite-rack couldt nodd fail to vin. Ach, Nomad," he slapped the trapper on the shoulder, "you ar-re joost an old schnide!"

Nomad cackled.

"So ye seen et, baron, an' I didn't think ye did! Waal, ther critter hed ter have a blue ribbon ter ornament his mane, didn't he? I'm bettin' you paid thet other Injun a hundred, before ever you was able ter put yer mule over the line a nose ahead."

But there were other things than racing. For instance, there was much Indian gambling, for to a redskin feasting and horse racing and the like are vain things compared with gambling.

And at the windup there was a feast, with the Tonto girl garlanded and flower-crowned as the queen of it, and Little Cayuse permitted to sit beside her and help himself freely to all the good things brought their way. Nothing passed them.

Buffalo Bill was there, at the races and at the feast, of course; with Pawnee Bill and Stuttering Tom, as well as Nomad, and the baron. And, to add to their happiness, Wild Bill Hickok rode down from Tucson, where he had arrived the week before, and took part in the general hilarity.

Altogether, that gathering at the Willow Springs was a thing to be long remembered.

THE END.

"Buffalo Bill at the Copper Barriers; or, Pawnee Bill's Cave of Aladdin," is the story for the next issue, and it is one of the most romantic and fascinatingly mysterious tales we have ever given you. The Bills and their pards journey into a strange, wild part of old Mexico, and find themselves involved in a series of uncanny adventures, which exceed in mystery all the tales of old Nomad about his famous "whiskizos," and tax the courage and ingenuity of the scouts severely to find a safe way out of their difficulties. The story will appear in No. 515. Out next week.

We can honestly say that the stories of Western life contained in the DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY are the best and cleanest, notwithstanding the fact that they are the most interesting of any offered to the reading public. Most of the adventures of Diamond Dick are based upon material which the author has acquired through long association with the people and life in the far West. Each number contains a story of thirty thousand words, or more, which you will admit is a generous five cents' worth. We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your newsdealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage stamps.

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| 436—Handsome Harry's Fierce Game | 532—Diamond Dick's Black Sign. | 617—Diamond Dick on the Timber Trail. | 683—Diamond Dick in the Colorado Canon. |
| 437—Handsome Harry in China town. | 533—Diamond Dick's Queer Rebuke | 618—Diamond Dick and the Game killers. | 684—Diamond Dick on the Farm. |
| 438—Handsome Harry in the Bad Lands. | 534—Diamond Dick's Night Ride. | 619—Diamond Dick and the Night-riders. | 685—Diamond Dick and the Dum-my Deacon. |
| 439—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s, Castle in the Air. | 535—Diamond Dick on an Indian Trail. | 620—Diamond Dick and the Ranch Rogues. | 686—Diamond Dick's Chase. |
| 440—Diamond Dick, Jr., and the Fire Bugs. | 536—Diamond Dick in Arizona. | 621—Diamond Dick and the Diamond Baby. | 687—Diamond Dick's Young Partner. |
| 442—Handsome Harry's Treasure Hunt. | 537—Diamond Dick Over the Rio Grande. | 622—Diamond Dick and the Mounted Police. | 688—Diamond Dick and the Young Deserter. |
| 443—Handsome Harry's Steel Trap | 538—Diamond Dick's Shower of Gold. | 623—Diamond Dick and the Mount-Ed Police. | 689—Diamond Dick's Sagacity. |
| 444—Handsome Harry with a Hard Crowd. | 539—Diamond Dick Below the Line. | 624—Diamond Dick's Dauntless. | 690—Diamond Dick's Winning Stroke. |
| 446—Handsome Harry in the Big Range. | 540—Diamond Dick on Shipboard. | 625—Diamond Dick's River Drift. | 691—Diamond Dick's Dart. |
| 447—Diamond Dick's Ghostly Trail | 541—Diamond Dick's Wide Loop. | 626—Diamond Dick's Foundling. | 692—Diamond Dick's Mark. |
| 448—Diamond Dick's Boy Hunt. | 542—Diamond Dick's Royal Foe. | 627—Diamond Dick's Alkali Trail. | 693—Diamond Dick's Strong Hand. |
| 449—Diamond Dick's Sure Throw. | 543—Diamond Dick's College Scrap | 628—Diamond Dick's Solid Shot. | 694—Diamond Dick's Great Dive. |
| 451—Diamond Dick Afloat. | 544—Diamond Dick in the Deep Snows. | 629—Diamond Dick's Wireless Signal. | 695—Diamond Dick's Biggest Round-up. |
| 452—Diamond Dick's Steeple Chase. | 545—Diamond Dick's Merciless Trail. | 630—Diamond Dick's Disappear-ance. | 696—Diamond Dick's Splendid Dash. |
| 453—Diamond Dick's Deadly Peril. | 546—Diamond Dick's Steel Heart. | 631—Diamond Dick's 'Scarlet En-emy. | 697—Diamond Dick's Catamount Leap. |
| 454—Diamond Dick's Black Hazard | 547—Diamond Dick's Inferno. | 632—Diamond Dick Hunted. | 698—Diamond Dick's Daring Decoy. |
| 455—Diamond Dick's Darkest Trail | 548—Diamond Dick's Bad Smash. | 633—Diamond Dick, the Lariat King. | 699—Diamond Dick's Clean Sweep. |
| 456—Diamond Dick's Desperate Dash. | 549—Diamond Dick's Deadly Snow-ball. | 634—Diamond Dick and the Claim Jumpers. | 700—Diamond Dick's Golden Ride. |
| 458—Diamond Dick's Centre Shot. | 550—Diamond Dick, Editor. | 635—Diamond Dick's Gift Horse. | 701—Diamond Dick's Keen Sight. |
| 459—Diamond Dick's Blind Lead. | 551—Diamond Dick's Stand-off. | 636—Diamond Dick's Green-room Raid. | 702—Diamond Dick's Forest Mys-tery. |
| 460—Diamond Dick's Cool Thrust. | 552—Diamond Dick's Hoodlum Trail. | 637—Diamond Dick and the White Hawk Boomers. | 703—Diamond Dick's Surprise Party. |
| 461—Diamond Dick's Swiftest Ride | 553—Diamond Dick's Queer Holdup. | 638—Diamond Dick and the Land Sharks. | 704—Diamond Dick's Sparkling Signal. |
| 462—Diamond Dick in the Desert. | 554—Diamond Dick on Guard. | 639—Diamond Dick and the Claim Jumpers. | 705—Diamond Dick's Game of Chance. |
| 463—Diamond Dick's Deadliest Foe | 555—Diamond Dick's Easy Win. | 640—Diamond Dick's Snow-shoe Trail. | 706—Diamond Dick's Convict Chase. |
| 466—Diamond Dick in the Klon-dike. | 556—Diamond Dick's Indian Ally. | 641—Diamond Dick's Mexican Quest. | 707—Diamond Dick's Jewel Hunt. |
| 467—Diamond Dick's Call to Time. | 557—Diamond Dick's Giant Swing. | 642—Diamond Dick's Aztec Cap-tive. | 708—Diamond Dick's Noble Ex-ploit. |
| 468—Diamond Dick's Golden Trail. | 558—Diamond Dick's Dynamite Victory. | 643—Diamond Dick's Peon Pard. | 709—Diamond Dick's Fire Mystery. |
| 470—Diamond Dick's Red Signal. | 559—Diamond Dick's White Mys-tery. | 644—Diamond Dick's Matador Ri-val. | 710—Diamond Dick's Adroitness. |
| 471—Diamond Dick and the Coin-ers. | 560—Diamond Dick's Cross of Fire | 645—Diamond Dick's Peddler Pard. | 711—Diamond Dick's Valor. |
| 472—Diamond Dick's Boy Pard. | 561—Diamond Dick's Mass Play. | 646—Diamond Dick's Silent Special | 712—Diamond Dick's Derelict. |
| 475—Diamond Dick's Big Stake. | 562—Diamond Dick's Free-for-all. | 647—Diamond Dick's Cut Diamond. | 713—Diamond Dick's Clever Play. |
| 478—Diamond Dick's Defiance. | 563—Diamond Dick's Queer Scrape | 648—Diamond Dick's "Dippy." | 714—Diamond Dick's Dory. |
| 479—Diamond Dick's Secret Pledge | 564—Diamond Dick's Steady Eye. | 649—Diamond Dick's Spider Web. | 715—Diamond Dick's Loyalty. |
| 480—Diamond Dick's Yellow Peril. | 566—Diamond Dick's Sacred Trust | 650—Diamond Dick's Bold Bargain. | 716—Diamond Dick's Australian Pard. |
| 481—Diamond Dick's Border Raid. | 567—Diamond Dick's Cut-off. | 651—Diamond Dick's Sight Draft. | 717—Diamond Dick's Triple Play. |
| 482—Diamond Dick's Bold Stand. | 568—Diamond Dick Across the Border. | 652—Diamond Dick's Draw-bridge. | 718—Diamond Dick's Mill Mystery. |
| 483—Diamond Dick on a Queer Trail. | 569—Diamond Dick as a Hero. | 653—Diamond Dick's Circus "Stunt." | 719—Diamond Dick's Marvelous Capture. |
| 484—Diamond Dick in the Frozen North. | 570—Diamond Dick's Northwest Trail. | 654—Diamond Dick's Strangest Trail. | 720—Diamond Dick's Lightning Feet. |
| 485—Diamond Dick in the Trail-er's Camp. | 571—Diamond Dick's Hardest Test | 655—Diamond Dick's Snow Ram-part. | 721—Diamond Dick's Wonder Trail. |
| 486—Diamond Dick for the Flag. | 572—Diamond Dick's Finger of Fate | 656—Diamond Dick in the Frozen Hills. | 722—Diamond Dick's Dangerous Duty. |
| 487—Diamond Dick's Strange Debt. | 573—Diamond Dick's Sleight of Hand. | 657—Diamond Dick's Raw Gold. | 723—Diamond Dick's Fair Play. |
| 488—Diamond Dick's Dumb Pard. | 574—Diamond Dick Holds the Wires. | 658—Diamond Dick's Strange Chase | 724—Diamond Dick's Long Chance. |
| 489—Diamond Dick's Long Race. | 575—Diamond Dick's Demon Wheel | 659—Diamond Dick on a Hot Trail. | 725—Diamond Dick's Long Chase. |
| 490—Diamond Dick in the Rapids. | 576—Diamond Dick's Hardest Ride | 660—Diamond Dick's Pledge. | 726—Diamond Dick's Dead Line. |
| 491—Diamond Dick's Red Foe. | 577—Diamond Dick's Secret Play. | 661—The Heart of Diamond Dick. | 727—Diamond Dick to the Rescue. |
| 492—Diamond Dick's Secret Scent. | 578—Diamond Dick's Hazard. | 662—Diamond Dick in the Adiron-dacks. | 728—Diamond Dick Catches On. |
| 493—Diamond Dick's Master-hand. | 579—Diamond Dick's Hand-to-hand | 663—Diamond Dick and "Pard Jimmy." | 729—Diamond Dick's Sudden Strike. |
| 494—Diamond Dick in the Break-ers. | 581—Diamond Dick's Friendly Foe | 664—Diamond Dick's Last Eastern Trail. | 730—Diamond Dick's Daring Dash. |
| 495—Diamond Dick's Lucky Ace. | 582—Diamond Dick's Desert Pard. | 665—Diamond Dick's Tennessee Mission. | 731—Diamond Dick's Throw for Life. |
| 496—Diamond Dick's Death Chase. | 583—Diamond Dick's Queer Debtor | 666—Diamond Dick at Craven Creek. | 732—Diamond Dick's Wonderful Work. |
| 497—Diamond Dick's Vampire Trail | 584—Diamond Dick's Judgment. | 667—Diamond Dick and the Wild-cat Syndicate. | 733—Diamond Dick's Kindly Bluff. |
| 498—Diamond Dick on the Dead Line. | 586—Diamond Dick's Warning Shot. | 668—Diamond Dick's Strategy. | 734—Diamond Dick's Strategic Struggle. |
| 499—Diamond Dick's Lost Trail. | 587—Diamond Dick on a Lone Trail. | 669—Diamond Dick's Double Chase | 735—Diamond Dick's Wise Action. |
| 501—Diamond Dick on His Nerve. | 588—Diamond Dick's Short Order. | 670—Diamond Dick and the Red Desert Band. | 736—Diamond Dick's Snare. |
| 503—Diamond Dick's Show-down. | 589—Diamond Dick's Green Ghost. | 671—Diamond Dick's Difficult Duty | 737—Diamond Dick Takes a Chance. |
| 504—Diamond Dick's Strange Guest | 590—Diamond Dick's Swing Duel. | 672—Diamond Dick Above the Clouds. | 738—Diamond Dick on a Baffling Trail. |
| 505—Diamond Dick's Hit and Miss | 591—Diamond Dick's Border Battle | 673—Diamond Dick's Troublesome Trail. | 739—Diamond Dick's Trail to Nome. |
| 506—Diamond Dick's Fight for a Girl. | 592—Diamond Dick's Close Shave. | 674—Diamond Dick's Dangerous Detail. | 740—Diamond Dick's Wireless Trick. |
| 507—Diamond Dick's Underground Trail. | 593—Diamond Dick's Sure Scent. | 675—Diamond Dick's Triumph. | 741—Diamond Dick in a Perilous Path. |
| 508—Diamond Dick's Cross Coun-ter. | 594—Diamond Dick's Maverick. | 676—Diamond Dick's Great Round-up. | 742—Diamond Dick's Dog Team. |
| 509—Diamond Dick's Good Right Hand. | 595—Diamond Dick's High Sign. | 677—Diamond Dick's Buccaneer Boy. | 743—Diamond Dick's Race Against Time. |
| 510—Diamond Dick's Bravery. | 596—Diamond Dick's Boldest Move | 678—Diamond Dick's Encourage-ment. | 744—Diamond Dick on the Yukon Flats. |
| 511—Diamond Dick's Double Trail. | 598—Diamond Dick's Vengeance. | 679—Diamond Dick's Shadow Dance. | 745—Diamond Dick in Dawson. |
| 512—Diamond Dick in the Saddle. | 599—Diamond Dick's Masterstroke | 680—Diamond Dick's Power. | 746—Diamond Dick's Five Against Fifty. |
| 513—Diamond Dick's Greatest Peril | 600—Diamond Dick's Slashing Blow | 681—Diamond Dick Solves a Mys-tery. | 747—Diamond Dick's Lucky Clue. |
| 514—Diamond Dick's Outlaw Duel | 601—Diamond Dick in the Canal Zone. | | 748—Diamond Dick and the Barilla Apaches. |
| 515—Diamond Dick's Mystic Mark. | 602—Diamond Dick and the Coast Indians. | | 749—Diamond Dick and the Hooded Prospector. |
| 516—Diamond Dick's Race Riot. | 603—Diamond Dick in Hard Luck. | | 750—Diamond Dick with the K-X Outfit. |
| 517—Diamond Dick's Ghostly Round-up. | 604—Diamond Dick's Spanish Doubloons. | | 751—Diamond Dick's Border Play. |
| 518—Diamond Dick's Big Drive. | 605—Diamond Dick's Panama Pards | | 752—Diamond Dick Smashes the Line. |
| 519—Diamond Dick's Trail of Vengeance. | 606—Diamond Dick's Decoration. | | 753—Diamond Dick in the Line of Duty. |
| 520—Diamond Dick Holds the Fort | 607—Diamond Dick's High-water Mark. | | 754—Diamond Dick on a Dark Trail. |
| 521—Diamond Dick's Steel Glove. | 608—Diamond Dick's Great Find. | | 755—Diamond Dick Beats Blackmail. |
| 522—Diamond Dick's No-name Mystery. | 609—Diamond Dick and the Fill-buster. | | 756—Diamond Dick Defies Danger. |
| 523—Diamond Dick's Midnight Stampede. | 610—Diamond Dick's Desperate Detail. | | |
| 524—Diamond Dick's Forlorn Hope. | 611—Diamond Dick's Voyage of Mystery. | | |
| 525—Diamond Dick's Night Watch | 612—Diamond Dick's River Rats. | | |
| 526—Diamond Dick's Three to One | 613—Diamond Dick and the Da-kota Blizzard. | | |
| 527—Diamond Dick's Golden Quest | 614—Diamond Dick's Death Notice. | | |
| 528—Diamond Dick's Long Leap. | 615—Diamond Dick's Strange Puz-zle. | | |
| 529—Diamond Dick's Heiress Hunt | 616—Diamond Dick's Mad Mas-querade. | | |
| 531—Diamond Dick's Hobo Trail. | | | |

LATEST ISSUES

BUFFALO BILL STORIES

The most original stories of Western adventure. The only weekly containing the adventures of the famous Buffalo Bill. High art colored covers. Thirty-two big pages. Price, 5 cents.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 506—Buffalo Bill's Crow Scouts; or, Pawnee Bill and the Absarokes. | 511—Buffalo Bill's Fight for the Right; or, Pawnee Bill and the King of the Land Boomers. |
| 507—Buffalo Bill's Opium Case; or, Pawnee Bill and the Sheriff's Frame-up. | 512—Buffalo Bill's Barbecue; or, Pawnee Bill and the Bumptious Basil. |
| 508—Buffalo Bill's Witchcraft; or, Pawnee Bill and the Snake Aztecs. | 513—Buffalo Bill and the Red Renegade; or, Pawnee Bill and the Outlaw of the Hills. |
| 509—Buffalo Bill's Mountain Foes; or, Pawnee Bill and the White Queen's Vengeance. | 514—Buffalo Bill and the Pache Kid; or, Pawnee Bill's Winning Hand. |
| 510—Buffalo Bill's Battle Cry; or, Pawnee Bill and the Indian Stampede. | 515—Buffalo Bill at the Copper Barriers; or, Pawnee Bill's Cave of Aladdin. |

BRAVE AND BOLD WEEKLY

All kinds of stories that boys like. The biggest and best nickel's worth ever offered. High art colored covers. Thirty-two big pages. Price, 5 cents.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 418—Treasure by the Barrel; or, The Cherokee Boom. By John L. Douglas. | 424—The Black Sheep's Legacy; or, The Rainbow Chaser on the Trail. By John L. Douglas. |
| 419—The Trolley Transfer Grafters; or, Bowery Billy's Counterfeit Chase. By John R. Conway. | 425—Foiling the Spanish Plotters; or, Bowery Billy in an International Broil. By John R. Conway. |
| 420—The Sons of the Rising Sun; or, The Submarine and the Japanese Spies. By Stanley R. Matthews. | 426—On High Gear; or, Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Red Flier. By Stanley R. Matthews. |
| 421—Fire, Fame, and Fortune; or, Making a Name for Himself. By John L. Douglas. | 427—The Young Electrician; or, The Crossed Wires at the Miracle Factory. By John L. Douglas. |
| 422—The Mystery of the Haunted Ship; or, Bowery Billy in a Diving Suit. By John R. Conway. | 428—The Theatrical Mystery; or, Bowery Billy and the Matinée Idol. By John R. Conway. |
| 423—The Spark of Friendship; or, The Cowboys and the Aeroplane. By Stanley R. Matthews. | 429—A Battle for the Right; or, How Fate Threw the Dice. By Stanley R. Matthews. |

TIP TOP WEEKLY

The most popular publication for boys. The adventures of Frank and Dick Merriwell can be had only in this weekly. High art colored covers. Thirty-two pages. Price, 5 cents.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 767—Frank Merriwell's Tact; or, The Taming of Garth Tennant. | 774—Frank Merriwell's Daring Deed; or, The Race for a Hundred Lives. |
| 768—Frank Merriwell's Unknown; or, The Mysterious James Brown. | 775—Frank Merriwell's Succor; or, The Redemption of "Babe" Silver. |
| 769—Frank Merriwell's Acuteness; or, The Search for a Name. | 776—Frank Merriwell's Wit; or, Thwarting a Governor. |
| 770—Frank Merriwell's Young Canadian; or, The Victory of Defeat. | 777—Frank Merriwell's Loyalty; or, The Land of the Lost People. |
| 771—Frank Merriwell's Coward; or, The Awakening of Sam Shrubbs. | 778—Frank Merriwell's Bold Play; or, The Checkmating of Felipe Lopez. |
| 772—Frank Merriwell's Perplexity; or, The Mystery of the Blue Diamond. | 779—Frank Merriwell's Insight; or, The Brand Blotter of the X Bar S. |
| 773—Frank Merriwell's Intervention; or, The Horse Thief of the Lazy X. | 780—Frank Merriwell's Guile; or, The Queen of the Matadors. |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from your newsdealer, they can be obtained from this office direct. Fill out the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the Weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

STREET & SMITH, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find.....cents for which send me:

TIP TOP WEEKLY, Nos.....	BUFFALO BILL STORIES, Nos.....
NICK CARTER WEEKLY, ".....	BRAVE AND BOLD WEEKLY, ".....
DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY, ".....	

Name.....Street.....City.....State.....

BUFFALO BILL STORIES

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY

BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVERS

There is no need of our telling American readers how interesting the stories of the adventures of Buffalo Bill, as scout and plainsman, really are. These stories have been read exclusively in this weekly for many years, and are voted to be masterpieces dealing with Western adventure.

Buffalo Bill is more popular to-day than he ever was, and, consequently, everybody ought to know all there is to know about him. In no manner can you become so thoroughly acquainted with the actual habits and life of this great man, as by reading the BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

We give herewith a list of all of the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

245—Buffalo Bill's Lost Quarry.....	5	369—Buffalo Bill and the Slave-Dealers...	5	445—Buffalo Bill in the Bad Lands.....	5
250—Buffalo Bill on a Long Hunt.....	5	370—Buffalo Bill's Strong Arm.....	5	446—Buffalo Bill and the Boy Bugler....	5
252—Buffalo Bill and the Redskin Wizard	5	371—Buffalo Bill's Girl Pard.....	5	447—Buffalo Bill and the Heathen Chinee.	5
253—Buffalo Bill's Bold Challenge.....	5	372—Buffalo Bill's Iron Bracelets.....	5	448—Buffalo Bill and the Chink War.....	5
254—Buffalo Bill's Shawnee Stampede.....	5	374—Buffalo Bill's Jade Amulet.....	5	449—Buffalo Bill's Chinese Chase.....	5
256—Buffalo Bill on a Desert Trail.....	5	375—Buffalo Bill's Magic Lariat.....	5	450—Buffalo Bill's Secret Message.....	5
258—Buffalo Bill in Tight Quarters.....	5	377—Buffalo Bill's Bridge of Fire.....	5	451—Buffalo Bill and the Lorde of Her-	5
267—Buffalo Bill in the Canyon of Death.	5	378—Buffalo Bill's Bowie.....	5	mosa	
272—Buffalo Bill's Dusky Trailers.....	5	379—Buffalo Bill's Pay-streak.....	5	452—Buffalo Bill's Lonesome Trail.....	5
273—Buffalo Bill's Diamond Mine.....	5	380—Buffalo Bill's Mine.....	5	453—Buffalo Bill's Quarry.....	5
274—Buffalo Bill and the Pawnee Serpent	5	381—Buffalo Bill's Clean-up.....	5	454—Buffalo Bill in Deadwood.....	5
275—Buffalo Bill's Scarlet Hand.....	5	382—Buffalo Bill's Ruse.....	5	455—Buffalo Bill's First Aid.....	5
278—Buffalo Bill's Daring Plunge.....	5	383—Buffalo Bill Overboard.....	5	456—Buffalo Bill and Old Moonlight.....	5
283—Buffalo Bill Up a Stump.....	5	384—Buffalo Bill's Ring.....	5	457—Buffalo Bill Repaid.....	5
285—Buffalo Bill's Master-stroke.....	5	385—Buffalo Bill's Big Contract.....	5	458—Buffalo Bill's Throwback.....	5
287—Buffalo Bill and the Brazos Terror...	5	386—Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane.....	5	459—Buffalo Bill's "Sight Unseen".....	5
288—Buffalo Bill's Dance of Death.....	5	387—Buffalo Bill's Kid Pard.....	5	460—Buffalo Bill's New Pard.....	5
292—Buffalo Bill's Medicine-lodge.....	5	388—Buffalo Bill's Desperate Plight.....	5	461—Buffalo Bill's "Winged Victory".....	5
293—Buffalo Bill in Peril.....	5	389—Buffalo Bill's Fearless Stand.....	5	462—Buffalo Bill's Pieces-of-Eight.....	5
298—Buffalo Bill's Black Eagles.....	5	390—Buffalo Bill and the Yelping Crew...	5	463—Buffalo Bill and the Eight Vagueros	5
299—Buffalo Bill's Desperate Dozen.....	5	391—Buffalo Bill's Guiding Hand.....	5	464—Buffalo Bill's Unlucky Siesta.....	5
305—Buffalo Bill and the Barge Bandits...	5	392—Buffalo Bill's Queer Quest.....	5	465—Buffalo Bill's Apache Clue.....	5
306—Buffalo Bill, the Desert Hotspur.....	5	393—Buffalo Bill's Prize "Getaway".....	5	466—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Totem...	5
308—Buffalo Bill's Whirlwind Chase.....	5	394—Buffalo Bill's Hurricane Hustle.....	5	467—Buffalo Bill's Golden Wonder.....	5
309—Buffalo Bill's Red Retribution.....	5	395—Buffalo Bill's Star Play.....	5	468—Buffalo Bill's Fiesta Night.....	5
312—Buffalo Bill's Death Jump.....	5	396—Buffalo Bill's Bluff.....	5	469—Buffalo Bill and the Hatchet Boys...	5
314—Buffalo Bill in the Jaws of Death.....	5	397—Buffalo Bill's Trackers.....	5	470—Buffalo Bill and the Mining Shark...	5
315—Buffalo Bill's Aztec Runners.....	5	398—Buffalo Bill's Dutch Pard.....	5	471—Buffalo Bill and the Cattle Barons...	5
316—Buffalo Bill's Dance with Death.....	5	399—Buffalo Bill and the Bravo.....	5	472—Buffalo Bill's Long Odds.....	5
319—Buffalo Bill's Mazeppa Ride.....	5	400—Buffalo Bill and the Quaker.....	5	473—Buffalo Bill, the Peacemaker.....	5
321—Buffalo Bill's Gypsy Band.....	5	401—Buffalo Bill's Package of Death.....	5	474—Buffalo Bill's Promise to Pay.....	5
324—Buffalo Bill's Gold Hunters.....	5	402—Buffalo Bill's Treasure Cache.....	5	475—Buffalo Bill's Diamond Hitch.....	5
325—Buffalo Bill in Old Mexico.....	5	403—Buffalo Bill's Private War.....	5	476—Buffalo Bill and the Wheel of Fate...	5
326—Buffalo Bill's Message from the Dead	5	404—Buffalo Bill and the Trouble Hunter...	5	477—Buffalo Bill and the Pool of Mystery	5
327—Buffalo Bill and the Wolf-master.....	5	405—Buffalo Bill and the Rope Wizard...	5	478—Buffalo Bill and the Deserter.....	5
328—Buffalo Bill's Flying Wonder.....	5	406—Buffalo Bill's Fiesta.....	5	479—Buffalo Bill's Island in the Air.....	5
329—Buffalo Bill's Hidden Gold.....	5	407—Buffalo Bill Among the Cheyennes...	5	480—Buffalo Bill, Town Marshal.....	5
330—Buffalo Bill's Outlaw Trail.....	5	408—Buffalo Bill Besieged.....	5	481—Buffalo Bill's Ultimatum.....	5
331—Buffalo Bill and the Indian Queen...	5	409—Buffalo Bill and the Red Hand.....	5	482—Buffalo Bill's Test.....	5
332—Buffalo Bill and the Mad Marauder...	5	410—Buffalo Bill's Tree-trunk Drift.....	5	483—Buffalo Bill and the Ponca Raiders...	5
333—Buffalo Bill's Ice Barricade.....	5	411—Buffalo Bill and the Specter.....	5	484—Buffalo Bill's Boldest Stroke.....	5
334—Buffalo Bill and the Robber Elk.....	5	412—Buffalo Bill and the Red Feathers...	5	485—Buffalo Bill's Enigma.....	5
335—Buffalo Bill's Ghost Dance.....	5	413—Buffalo Bill's King Stroke.....	5	486—Buffalo Bill's Blockade.....	5
336—Buffalo Bill's Peace-pipe.....	5	414—Buffalo Bill, the Desert Cyclone.....	5	487—Buffalo Bill and the Gilded Clique...	5
337—Buffalo Bill's Red Nemesis.....	5	415—Buffalo Bill's Cumbres Scouts.....	5	488—Buffalo Bill and Perdita Reyes.....	5
338—Buffalo Bill's Enchanted Mesa.....	5	416—Buffalo Bill and the Man-wolf.....	5	489—Buffalo Bill and the Boomers.....	5
339—Buffalo Bill in the Desert of Death...	5	417—Buffalo Bill and His Winged Pard...	5	490—Buffalo Bill Calls a Halt.....	5
340—Buffalo Bill's Pay Streak.....	5	418—Buffalo Bill at Babylon Bar.....	5	491—Buffalo Bill and the Ke-week Totem...	5
341—Buffalo Bill on Detached Duty.....	5	419—Buffalo Bill's Long Arm.....	5	492—Buffalo Bill's O. K.....	5
342—Buffalo Bill's Arm Mystery.....	5	421—Buffalo Bill's Steel Arm Pard.....	5	493—Buffalo Bill at Cañon Diablo.....	5
343—Buffalo Bill's Surprise Party.....	5	422—Buffalo Bill's Aztec Guide.....	5	494—Buffalo Bill's Transfer.....	5
344—Buffalo Bill's Great Ride.....	5	423—Buffalo Bill and Little Firefly.....	5	495—Buffalo Bill and the Red Horse Hunt-	5
345—Buffalo Bill's Water Trail.....	5	424—Buffalo Bill in the Aztec City.....	5	ers	
346—Buffalo Bill's Ordeal of Fire.....	5	425—Buffalo Bill's Balloon Escape.....	5	496—Buffalo Bill's Dangerous Duty.....	5
348—Buffalo Bill's Casket of Pearls.....	5	426—Buffalo Bill and the Guerrillas...	5	497—Buffalo Bill and the Chief's Daughter	5
349—Buffalo Bill's Sky Pilot.....	5	427—Buffalo Bill's Border War.....	5	498—Buffalo Bill at Tinaja Wells.....	5
350—Buffalo Bill's "Totem".....	5	428—Buffalo Bill's Mexican Mix-up.....	5	499—Buffalo Bill and the Men of Mendon...	5
351—Buffalo Bill's Flat-boat Drift.....	5	429—Buffalo Bill and the Gamecock.....	5	500—Buffalo Bill at Rainbow's End.....	5
352—Buffalo Bill on Deck.....	5	430—Buffalo Bill and the Cheyenne Raiders	5	501—Buffalo Bill and the Russian Plot.....	5
353—Buffalo Bill and the Ironco Buster...	5	431—Buffalo Bill's Whirlwind Finish.....	5	502—Buffalo Bill's Red Triangle.....	5
354—Buffalo Bill's Great Round-up.....	5	432—Buffalo Bill's Santa Fe Secret.....	5	503—Buffalo Bill's Royal Flush.....	5
355—Buffalo Bill's Pledge.....	5	433—Buffalo Bill and the Taos Terror...	5	504—Buffalo Bill's Tramp Pard.....	5
356—Buffalo Bill's Cowboy Pard.....	5	434—Buffalo Bill's Bracelet of Gold.....	5	505—Buffalo Bill on the Upper Missouri...	5
357—Buffalo Bill and the Emigrants.....	5	435—Buffalo Bill and the Border Baron...	5	506—Buffalo Bill's Crow Scouts.....	5
358—Buffalo Bill Among the Pueblos.....	5	436—Buffalo Bill at Salt River Ranch...	5	507—Buffalo Bill's Onium Case.....	5
359—Buffalo Bill's Four-footed Pard.....	5	437—Buffalo Bill's Panhandle Man-hunt...	5	508—Buffalo Bill's Witchcraft.....	5
360—Buffalo Bill's Protégé.....	5	438—Buffalo Bill at Blossom Range.....	5	509—Buffalo Bill's Mountain Poes.....	5
362—Buffalo Bill's Pick-up.....	5	439—Buffalo Bill and Juniper Joe.....	5	510—Buffalo Bill's Battle Cry.....	5
363—Buffalo Bill's Quest.....	5	440—Buffalo Bill's Final Scoop.....	5	511—Buffalo Bill's Fight for the Right...	5
364—Buffalo Bill's Waif of the Plains...	5	441—Buffalo Bill at Clearwater.....	5	512—Buffalo Bill's Barbecue.....	5
366—Buffalo Bill Among the Mormons.....	5	442—Buffalo Bill's Winning Hand.....	5	513—Buffalo Bill and the Red Renegade...	5
367—Buffalo Bill's Assistance.....	5	443—Buffalo Bill's Cinch Claim.....	5	514—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Kid.....	5
368—Buffalo Bill's Rattlesnake Trail.....	5	444—Buffalo Bill's Comrades.....	5	515—Buffalo Bill at the Copper Barriers...	5

If you want any back numbers of our weeklies and cannot procure them from your newsdealer, they can be obtained direct from this office. Postage-stamps taken the same as money.

STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS, 79-89 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY